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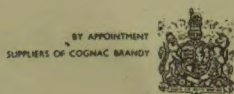
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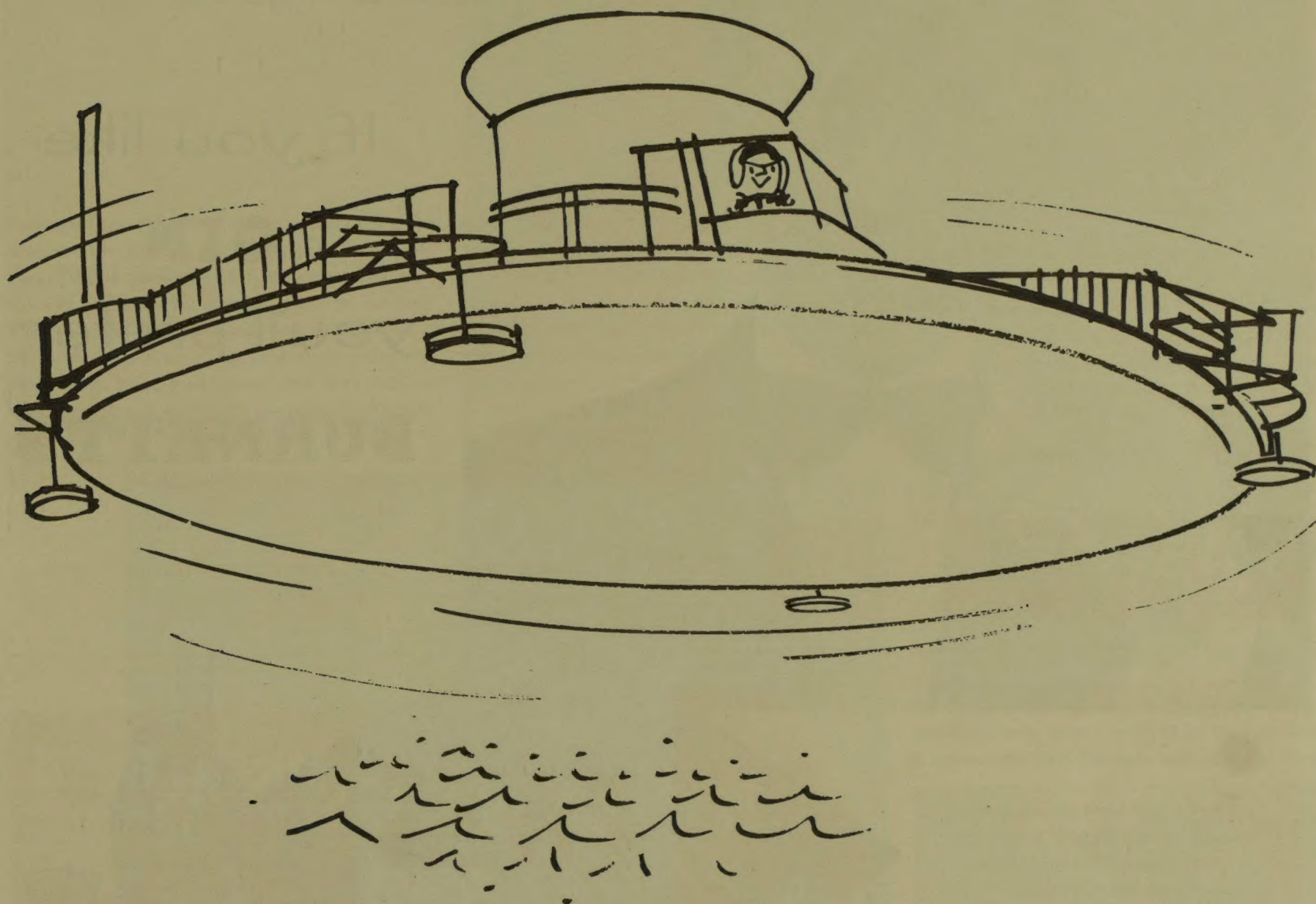
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**Pintail**



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Established 1800

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**"Why do you always use Wright's Coal Tar Soap?"**

"WELL, you see, Mrs. Smith, I just have to keep my hands soft and sensitive so that I can diagnose troubles and above all, must keep them hygienic.

There are lots of good soaps, but I believe that Wright's serves these purposes better than any soap I know."

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A kinder soap, a better soap.

**WRIGHT'S COAL TAR TOILET SOAP**

*The Golden Tablet in Bath and Toilet sizes*



## Long Vacation to the sun...

Archibald Stanley, barrister, gazed gloomily out of the window of his Chambers. Still five weeks of Term to run. Piles of papers spread round him like a nightmare knotted with red tapes. He must get *away* for the Long Vacation—right away, somewhere he'd find the sun and have a bit of peace... A week later he was dining with Sir Timothy, his uncle—amazing how one's relations asked one to dinner and wanted free advice. Sir Timothy was worried about his daughter Christine in Durban—

A few weeks later Archibald Stanley was on board the 'Stirling Castle' outward bound for Cape Town. Luxury suited him down to the deck. Long days of sunshine, time to think coherently, fine Union-Castle service, fine Union-Castle food, an afternoon in Madeira, and weeks of utter freedom from solicitors, stiff collars and striped trousers.

He leant over the rails watching the ship dock at Cape Town. Table Mountain, laid with a cloth of cloud. Once



He stayed with his cousins for nearly a week, and then flew to Cape Town to the Mount Nelson Hotel. On board again he shared his table with a very pretty South African girl on a visit to England.

There were more piles of papers waiting for him in Chambers in London, but he felt ready to cope with anything now.

He dined with Uncle Timothy again, and told him all Christine's news and how much good the trip had done him. He made a clever joke about 'Mare Nostrum', which his Uncle had to have explained. He also had to have the South African girl explained, and brought round, before he would approve of Archie getting engaged.

By going and coming back on the dates he chose, Archibald Stanley came in for the Quick-Trip Reduction in Union-Castle First Class fares. And, of course, there



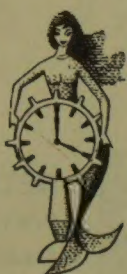
some business about property in her name in England. Sir Timothy said, "Archie, you never seem to be in Chambers when I ring you, can't have much to do, why don't you go out there and see if you can sort it all out for her?" It was a good idea. The Long Vacation was eight weeks—it would only take six to get to Cape Town and back, by sea, allowing two weeks ashore in South Africa... and generous Uncle Timothy could no doubt be persuaded to foot half the bill... at least!

ashore he hired a car and motored the first stage of his way towards Durban and Christine, going via the Garden Route to George, to Knysna and the Wilderness. At Port Elizabeth he caught a plane to Durban. Christine and Jan met him and they motored out to their white-pillared home, flaming with bouganvillea. Christine was happy in South Africa, and she was going to have a baby. Archibald disentangled her legal worry, and promised to look after the English end of the thing when he got home.



was no charge for the extra 'baggage' he brought back with him from South Africa. That was Sir Timothy's turn to make a joke!

the going's good by



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Every Thursday at 4 p.m. from Southampton to South Africa.  
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**I**F you know just how good a Sherry can be . . . if you appreciate the delight of a perfect Fino, exquisite in flavour, just full enough in body, just dry enough for the most discriminating palate, there is no Sherry quite comparable with Domecq's "La Ina."

Remember, Domecq's Sherries are grown and aged in Jerez, Spain. They are among the finest in the world and have been acknowledged as such throughout the centuries



*The finest of Sherries*

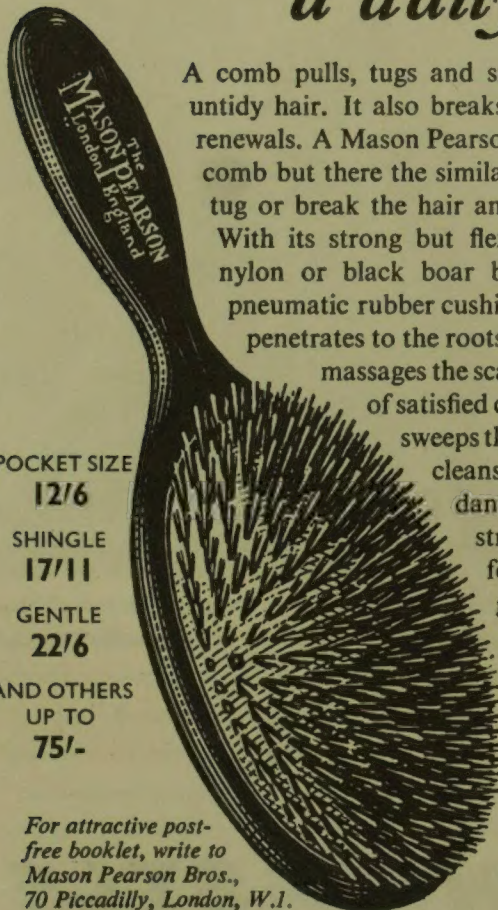
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**LA INA**  
*Fino Exquisite Dry*

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and delicious 'CELEBRATION CREAM'  
for the sweeter palates

## As good as a daily massage



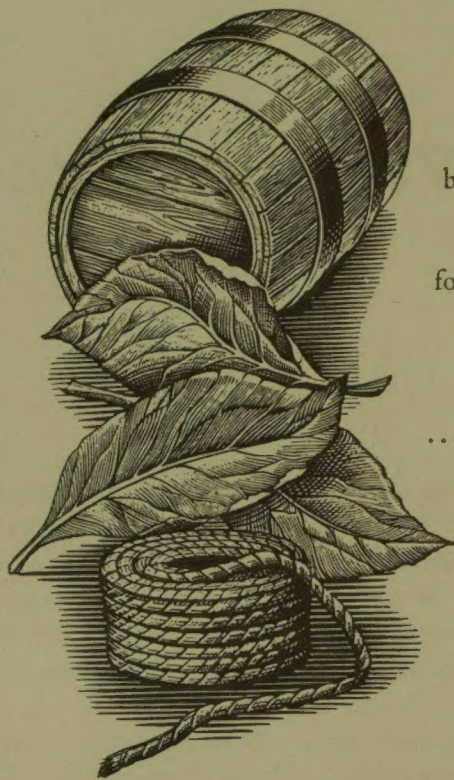
A comb pulls, tugs and snags without mercy through untidy hair. It also breaks quickly and needs frequent renewals. A Mason Pearson reaches the roots just like a comb but there the similarity ends. This brush will not tug or break the hair and will last out many combs. With its strong but flexible slender spired tufts of nylon or black boar bristle, scientifically set in a pneumatic rubber cushion, the Mason Pearson brush penetrates to the roots of your hair and thoroughly massages the scalp—leaving a pleasant feeling of satisfied comfort. Gently and quickly it sweeps through the tangles, thoroughly cleansing the hair of all dust and dandruff lifting each disarranged strand into place. Your hair feels fresh and clean . . . looks glossy, trim and attractive. Owing to its unique construction whereby one bristle performs the work of three, the Mason Pearson can be sold at a much lower price than would otherwise be possible with a brush of this quality.

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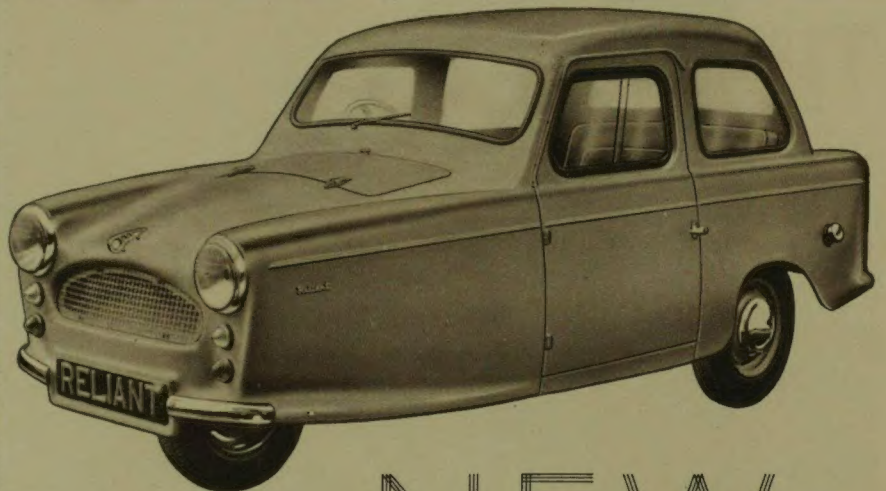
bind the leaves tight with sail cord  
... store in a cool cellar  
for weeks . . . unbind and cut into  
thin slices . . . rub a slice  
between your hands and smell  
... ah, that rich, full-flavoured  
aroma tells you it is matured  
... ready for your pipe and  
the most truly satisfying  
smoke you've ever had.

What's that? You haven't the ingredients handy? Don't worry. You can buy tobacco, made from this 60 year old recipe, in a 1-oz tin, sealed to keep fresh, at any tobacconist for 5/2½d. Just ask for



**Player's**  
*Navy Cut De LUXE*

[NCT 111E]

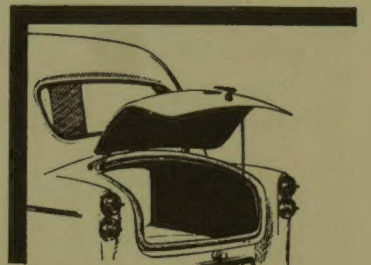


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'REGAL' Mk V SALOON

### NEW FIBRE - GLASS BODY WITH REAR - OPENING BOOT

Britain's Finest Three Wheeler takes yet another step forward with an entirely new saloon model. Styled in fibre-glass in the modern manner the 'Regal' Mk. V is way out ahead.

The following are just a few of its many outstanding features, and for the fullest information you are invited to write for your free copy of the Mk. V brochure. Full 4-seater • Rear-opening boot • Chromium bumpers front and rear • Safety glass windows all round • Restyled instrument panel with glove compartments each side • Dual windscreen wipers • Four cylinder water cooled • 50 m.p.g. • 65 m.p.h. • Less tax and insurance.



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## Schweppshire Guide to public speaking

### NO. 6 HOW TO MAKE CERTAIN THAT ONE'S WORDS ARE WINGÉD

Too little attention has been paid to the actual speech of a speech. Too many speakers ignore the infinite capacity of the English language for filling up time in the most eloquent way. Let us end with this list of speech improvements on humdrum ordinary language. These phrases are particularly suitable for the sociologico-politico or the serio-human-chapio.

#### HUMDRUM ORDINARY

*I can give you  
the gen*

*Don't listen to  
the other side*

*The other side  
is no good*

*Everyone here is  
nice*

*I am nice myself*

*Stand up everybody  
on our side*

#### SPEECH EQUIVALENT

In default of someone better qualified to accept this privilege, it has fallen to my lot to undertake the task of attempting to tell you something of

A great deal is heard nowadays . . . I know all of you will be chary of giving too much credence to the easy prophecies of wishful thinking

None of us must be over eager to find fault but . . . Our opponents are gentlemen of mercurial temperament, and vivid, perhaps over-vivid imagination

Rooted deep in the national character . . . instinctive appreciation of the simple things of life and hatred of all that is false

This is something which I, personally, find enormously heartening

Each one of us, today, is conscious of an urgent need for the spirit of co-operation. It is the fulfilment of our inner want. Urgent want . . . inner need . . . co-operation . . . urgent

Since the speaker (as will be seen in the illustration) is already bubbling with wingéd metaphors, he ought, if he uses this wingéd connecting matter, to succeed in being eloquent, without notice, on nothing whatever.

Written by Stephen Potter; designed by George Him

SCHWEPPERVESCENCE LASTS THE WHOLE DRINK THROUGH





*Sold in 120 countries*

## Famous the world over

*For 150 years, skill in the blending of costly Virginia tobacco has been a proud tradition of the manufacturers of Craven 'A'.*

Craven 'A', named after the third Earl of Craven, a patron of Carreras in the 1860's is a mild but truly satisfying cigarette.

Craven 'A' is tipped with natural cork that cannot stick to the lips. 3/11 for 20.

### THE NEW CRAVEN 'A' FILTER

*Here at last is a cigarette with the perfect balance between tobacco and filter. The right blend of specially selected Virginia tobacco . . . and the right filter for a smoke that's smoother but still full of flavour. 3/4 for 20.*



# CRAVEN "A"

for smooth clean smoking





**Associated Electrical Industries  
employ 107,000 people**

Who are they? They are Ted Neville, Bob Lennox, Harry Green—and 106,997 others we can't talk about here. Ted Neville spends his spare time riding surf on Bondi beach and his working hours as a motor tester in the A.E.I. (Pty) factory at Auburn, Sydney. Bob Lennox, a machinist in the A.E.I. turbine works at Larne in Ulster, plays darts for the team at his local. Harry Green is a research scientist in the A.E.I. laboratories at Aldermaston and says his children leave him no spare time at all.

**AEI** *part of a great Britain.*



# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1959.



(Above.)  
THE NEWLY-FOUND FOSSIL UPPER JAW  
(LEFT) OF "NUTCRACKER MAN," WITH  
ITS IMMENSE MOLAR TEETH COMPARED  
WITH THE UPPER JAW OF A MODERN  
AUSTRALIAN ABORIGINE.

A "STUPENDOUS  
DISCOVERY": THE FOSSIL  
SKULL FROM OLDUVAI  
WHICH REPRESENTS  
"THE OLDEST  
WELL-ESTABLISHED  
STONE TOOLMAKER EVER  
FOUND."

AFTER giving the first news  
of the discovery to the  
fourth Pan-African Congress of  
Pre-History at Leopoldville, in  
the Belgian Congo, on  
August 23, Dr. L. S. B. Leakey,  
of the Coryndon Museum,  
Nairobi, made public in Kenya  
on September 3 the news of his  
discovery and its implications.

[Continued opposite.]

(Right.)  
DR. L. S. B. LEAKEY POINTS TO THE  
TEETH OF THE FOSSIL JAW, WHICH  
HIS WIFE (WHO MADE THE ACTUAL  
FIND) IS HOLDING UP.



[Continued.]

What has been found is a great  
number of fragments, including,  
as shown here, an almost com-  
plete upper jaw, of a skull of an  
anthropoid apparently inter-  
mediate between the South  
African apemen (*Paranthropus*  
and *Australopithecus*) and man  
as we know him. This creature,  
which Dr. Leakey nicknames  
"Nutcracker Man" from the  
immensely powerful molar  
teeth, dates from the Lower  
Pleistocene and is probably over  
600,000 years old. It is a young  
male of about 16 to 18 years old,  
living in part on vegetables and  
nuts, and competing for food  
with the giant baboons and  
giant pigs in the Olduvai of the  
same period. He represents, in  
Dr. Leakey's words, "the oldest  
well-established stone toolmaker  
ever found anywhere." Dr.  
Leakey has given him the  
scientific name of *Zinjanthropus*  
*Boisei*—Zinj being the ancient  
name for East Africa, while  
*Boisei* refers to Mr. Charles  
Boise of London, who has  
helped to finance Dr. Leakey's  
researches. Other pictures of the  
discovery appear on page 219.





By ARTHUR BRYANT.

How do you like London? how do you like town?  
How do you like the Strand, dear, now Temple Bar's  
pulled down?  
How do you like the lah-di-dah, the toothpick and  
the crutch?  
How did you get those trousers on and do they hurt  
you much?

IF the art of the poet is to say what has to be said in the fewest possible words, the writer of the old music-hall song unconsciously did what many a more pretentious man of letters has failed to do. For in those four lines he epitomised an age and a phase of England's life as unlike our present age as the age of Piers Plowman or Good Queen Bess. There, in a flash, is the London of the 'eighties, the noisy, rowdy Strand, the jingling hansom cabs, the wooden paving-stones, the gas lamps and horse buses, the men in top or bowler hats and the women in boas and voluminous skirts, the gay crowd of sporting and slightly disreputable characters and men about town going into Romano's, with "the Brown Mouse" at the bar and "the Roman" passing from table to table with his familiar, "Your dinner—every'ting goalla right, eh, Mister Eskvire?" It is strange to think that my own father was living and working in that London and that it must have seemed as real to him when he died twenty years ago as the London of the 'twenties seems to me now, or, for that matter, though I was then only a boy, the London of Edward VII. Yet to younger men who never knew the London of the 'twenties, still less the London of before the First World War, these must be quite as unreal and remote as the London of Romano's bar in its heyday, of the stage-door Johnnie and the young Pink 'Un.

I can drive four-in-hand  
With the best in the land,  
At pigeons I'm reckoned  
a "nailer";  
In Paris I'm gay  
At the Café Anglais,  
At Cowes I'm a regular  
sailor.  
I'm well known in the Ring,  
Where I've oft had my fling,  
I'm fly to all "stiff'uns" and swindles;  
With a "snappy" brunette  
I do boating, you bet,  
And spoon in the summer at Skindle's.

"*Mais où sont les neiges d'antan?*" Every generation, as it grows older, asks the same question, and every generation gets the same silent answer that is no answer. For the past is dead, or so it seems to all but those who remember it and into the fabric of whose hearts it has been woven, to die, it seems, for ever when they themselves die carrying their memory of it to the grave. And this is the magic of history: to realise that the past was once alive and in what its life consisted, to feel the living vitality and fullness and pathos of it, and to communicate that vitality to others in the midst of their own transient life, soon itself to become a thing, first of aging memory, and then of death.

Being a student of history and myself growing old, I am constantly reminded by the very intensity of the living moment of how soon it

must become the past. The other evening I left my work to post a letter and suddenly realised that in a few minutes President Eisenhower would be driving through Hyde Park, only a hundred yards or so from where I had been writing, on his way from the airport to spend his first night in London. American Presidents do not visit our capital every day; to the best of my recollection only one other has done so during his Presidency in my lifetime and, for that matter—though in this I may be mistaken—during the 193 years' existence of the United States. So having a professional, as well as an ordinary interest in historical occasions, I felt justified in leaving my work for half an hour to witness this one.

When I reached the Park it must have been a few minutes after half-past seven, three-

standing, opposite the little footgate into the Park at the west end of Knightsbridge Barracks, the police had cleared a space where no cars were allowed to park, but every minute or so one or other of the cruising cars endeavoured to halt there at the expense of the waiting pedestrians, only to be moved on with infinite good humour by the young policeman in charge of the crossing.

But though there was no great crowd, which at such an hour of the evening was scarcely to be expected, and though a football match immediately behind continued as though nothing of importance was happening, the sense of an occasion was very present. Every few minutes those waiting surged into the roadway in expectation of the Presidential car, only to be disappointed as a new line of private cars filtered into the Park

from the Alexandra Gate a few hundred yards to the west. As it grew darker and the bright sunlight of yet another lovely summer day faded, the sense of excitement mounted. And then quite suddenly, almost without warning, the procession appeared. There was a murmur from the west, the footballers left their game and ran to join the crowd on the footpath, and then, instead of the swift rush of iron-faced "cops" on motorcycles and of speeding limousines the Press had led one to expect, came a cluster of policemen riding slowly and—there is no other word for it—gently, down the half-blocked roadway, immediately followed by an open car with a beaming, bald, friendly, country kind of fellow seated on the hood waving his arms, and, so it seemed, saluting us, while our own Prime Minister sat, a little bemused, I thought, at his side. It was the most charming and informal public spectacle I had seen since King George and Queen Mary drove in an open barouche down Regent Street on Children's Day in the Jubilee celebrations twenty-four years ago. And it was pure London

as well as pure country America—kindly, friendly and fundamentally human—and made so by the greatness of heart and obvious sincerity and goodness of the simple American "guy" who, because of that greatness of heart and goodness, rose, by one of the strangest quirks in history, to be, first, Supreme Commander of the greatest military crusade in history and, later, President of the world's richest and most powerful nation. Watching him I was reminded of another good and simple-hearted man who had risen to high place—one much and, I think, unjustly abused to-day—Neville Chamberlain, who also arrived in London amid acclamations after a dramatic flight from Germany and in search of the same goal in a world in which power does not usually go to good and simple-hearted men. What the upshot of this arrival will be no one yet can tell, but that the occasion was momentous, fraught with immeasurable consequences for every one of us in that admiring and cheering London crowd on that perfect August evening was realised by everyone present. And so another living moment in the life of London passed and became part of history.



THE SCENE OF PRESIDENT EISENHOWER'S SHORT SCOTTISH HOLIDAY: CULZEAN CASTLE, WHOSE TOP FLOOR WAS OFFERED TO THE PRESIDENT BY SCOTLAND FOR HIS WAR SERVICES. THE CASTLE, WHICH WAS BUILT BY ROBERT ADAM, STANDS IN SUB-TROPICAL GARDENS.

President Eisenhower arrived at Culzean Castle, in Ayrshire, on September 4 for a short holiday to recuperate from his exhausting and momentous mission to the West European leaders. The top floor of the castle was converted into a modern apartment and presented by Scotland to the President for his lifetime in recognition of his wartime services. He stayed there until September 7.

quarters of an hour, that is, after the President's aircraft was expected at London Airport and half an hour after his drive with the Prime Minister was to begin. On the Knightsbridge side of the Carriage Road there was only a sprinkling of onlookers, but on the north side, along the edge of the open space that housed the Great Exhibition of 1851, there was a single line of onlookers, though still with gaps in it, so that I had no difficulty in getting a front-line place. I cannot speak for other parts of the processional route, but so far as my limited observation went, the vast crowds described next morning in the Press were something of a myth; to compare as one newspaper did, the concourse to welcome the President in the Park with that which gathered for the Coronation was ridiculous. The only real congestion I saw was in the roadway, where the usual line of parked cars which has now become such a disfiguring feature round the circumference of the Park was reinforced by large numbers of moving cars whose occupants were apparently hoping to gate-crash a front-row view of the Presidential motorcade as they cruised slowly along the processional route. Where I was



# THE ASTONISHING DISCOVERY OF "NUTCRACKER MAN" : DR. AND MRS. LEAKEY AT WORK AT OLDUVAI.



MRS. MARY LEAKEY, WIFE OF DR. L. S. B. LEAKEY, OF THE CORYNDON MUSEUM, NAIROBI, AT WORK ON THE SIDE OF OLDUVAI GORGE, WHERE SHE FOUND THE FOSSIL SKULL.

WORKING ON ONE OF THE FOSSIL-RICH SITES IN THE OLDUVAI GORGE IN TANGANYIKA, WHERE ON JULY 17 MRS. LEAKEY FOUND THE FIRST PIECES OF "NUTCRACKER MAN'S" SKULL.

ON our front page we announce the discovery by Dr. L. S. B. Leakey and his wife of the fossil skull of a creature intermediate between the South African apeman and man as we know him, and dating from about 600,000 years ago; in other words, "the oldest well-established toolmaker ever found anywhere." Dr. Leakey is well known for his many contributions to *The Illustrated London News* on his discoveries in Kenya and Tanganyika—among which may be mentioned the Miocene ape *Proconsul* and many giant animals from the Olduvai Gorge. In our issue of June 28, 1958, he described his discovery at Olduvai of a colossal child's molar tooth— [Continued below, right.



THE ALMOST COMPLETE UPPER JAW IN SITU. THE DISCOVERERS ARE USING DENTAL PROBES TO LEVER AWAY VERY GENTLY THE ROCK SURROUNDING THE FOSSIL.



WITH THE UPPER JAW FRAGMENT WHICH HAS GIVEN THE CREATURE HIS NICKNAME "NUTCRACKER MAN": MRS. LEAKEY AND DR. LEAKEY, PEERING AT THE FOSSIL.

[Continued.] from which he deduced at that time an infant of the Chellean era of presumably giant size. His latest discovery is certainly his most important. On July 17, in the Olduvai Gorge, Mrs. Leakey called him over to see what she had found; and carefully they excavated the pieces of the skull with dental picks. Although at present only the upper jaw and palate of the skull have been published, a great deal of the total skull has been found, and we hope shortly to publish a fully illustrated article by Dr. Leakey in which the whole implications of this discovery (which Dr. Leakey himself calls "stupendous") will be discussed and explained. Those who have seen the remains when Dr. Leakey produced them at the Leopoldville Conference in August say that this is a truly astonishing skull and point in particular to the strange combination of teeth, the almost human incisors and canines, and the fantastically massive molars. Among those at Leopoldville who have agreed in principle with Dr. Leakey's deductions are (it is stated) Dr. Haughton, of Pretoria; Dr. Clark Howells, of Chicago; Mr. Bill Howells, of Harvard; Professor Arambourg, of Paris; and Professors Dart and Tobias, of Johannesburg.



A CONTRAST TO HIS RECENT TOUR:  
THE PRESIDENT ON HOLIDAY IN SCOTLAND.



AT HIS FAVOURITE PASTIME, PRESIDENT EISENHOWER PUTTING ON THE 18TH GREEN AT TURNBERRY GOLF COURSE ON SEPTEMBER 5, NEAR CULZEAN CASTLE, WHERE HE STAYED THE WEEK-END.



THE PRESIDENT READY FOR HIS FIRST GAME OF GOLF SINCE HE LEFT AMERICA: HE IS SHOWN WITH HIS CADDY BEFORE THE GAME.



PLAYING ALONG THE FAIRWAY AT TURNBERRY, WHERE THE PRESIDENT WAS WATCHED BY A LARGE CROWD. HE PLAYED SEVERAL GAMES AT THE TURNBERRY GOLF COURSE.

| TURNBERRY "AILSA" COURSE SCORE CARD  |                          |        |                      |       |     |                          |        |                      |       |
|--|--------------------------|--------|----------------------|-------|-----|--------------------------|--------|----------------------|-------|
| Competitor's Score Only on this Card.  |                          |        |                      |       |     |                          |        |                      |       |
| Name: <i>President</i> Div: <i>Pro</i>   |                          |        |                      |       |     |                          |        |                      |       |
| OUT  | Name and Length in Yards | S.S.S. | Mark Won Lost Halved | Score | IN  | Name and Length in Yards | S.S.S. | Mark Won Lost Halved | Score |
| 1.   | Ailsa Craig ... 346      | 4      | 5                    |       | 10. | Dinna Fouter... 432      | 4      | 6                    |       |
| 2.   | Mak Siccar ... 401       | 4      | 5                    |       | 11. | Maldens ... 150          | 5      | 5                    |       |
| 3.   | Blaw Wearie ... 393      | 4      | 6                    |       | 12. | Monument ... 394         | 4      | 5                    |       |
| 4.   | Woe-be-tide... 153       | 3      | 4                    |       | 13. | Tickly Tap ... 387       | 4      | 5                    |       |
| 5.   | Fin' me oot ... 422      | 4      | 4                    |       | 14. | Risk-an-Hope 425         | 4      | 5                    |       |
| 6.   | Tappie Toorie 233        | 4      | 5                    |       | 15. | Ca Canny ... 182         | 3      | 5                    |       |
| 7.   | Roonthe Ben... 448       | 5      | 4                    |       | 16. | Wee Burn ... 365         | 4      | 5                    |       |
| 8.   | Goat Fell ... 425        | 4      | 5                    |       | 17. | Lang Whang ... 470       | 5      | 5                    |       |
| 9.   | Bruce's Castle 412       | 4      | 4                    |       | 18. | Ailsa Home ... 428       | 4      | 6                    |       |
|  | 3233                     | 36     | 42                   |       |     | IN ... 3233              | 55     | In                   | 47    |
|  |                          |        |                      |       |     | OUT ... 3233             | 36     | Out                  | 42    |
|  |                          |        |                      |       |     | TOTAL ... 6466           | 71     | Total                | 89    |
| RESULT—MATCH PLAY  |                          |        |                      |       |     |                          |        |                      |       |
| Holes up..... Holes down.....  |                          |        |                      |       |     |                          |        |                      |       |
| In Bogey Competitions competitors must enter their actual score for all Holes won or halved. |                          |        |                      |       |     |                          |        |                      |       |
| Marker's Signature _____   |                          |        |                      |       |     |                          |        |                      |       |
| Competitor's Signature <i> Dwight D. Eisenhower </i>   |                          |        |                      |       |     |                          |        |                      |       |
| Competition  |                          |        |                      |       |     |                          |        |                      |       |

THE PRESIDENT'S SCORE-CARD. HE SIGNED THIS CARD, WHICH BEARS THE NAMES OF THE HOLES IN BROAD ADMONITORY SCOTS, AFTER A ROUND OF 89.



THE PRESIDENT ARRIVING AT CULZEAN CASTLE ON SEPTEMBER 4 FOR THE WEEK-END. THE CASTLE, WHICH STANDS ON A CLIFF, WAS BUILT BY ROBERT ADAM.



A SCENE FROM A FORMER VISIT TO CULZEAN IN 1946: GENERAL EISENHOWER, AS HE THEN WAS, WITH HIS WIFE AND SON, AT HOME IN THE SUITE.



BEING TAKEN FOR A DRIVE BY THE MARQUESS AND MARCHIONESS OF AILSA, THE PRESIDENT RIDES IN A GIG. HE WENT TO SEE THE CASTLE'S WALLED GARDEN.

President Eisenhower arrived in Scotland from Paris for a short holiday on September 4. He stayed at Culzean Castle, Ayrshire, the top floor of which was converted into a modern suite of apartments and presented to him for use during his lifetime by the Scottish people in recognition of his wartime services. The holiday, which was intended as a relaxation after his arduous and intensive tour of Europe, lasted only a week-end, and he was kept busy

much of the time with his official work, but, nevertheless, he managed to get in several games of his favourite sport, golf. He played at the Turnberry Golf Course, which is four miles from the Castle. On Sunday, September 6, he attended morning service at Kirkoswald Parish Church, where he was greeted by the Marquess of Ailsa, whose family presented Culzean to the National Trust of Scotland. The President left Scotland on September 7.



# VARIED SCENES FROM PRINCESS ALEXANDRA'S TOUR OF QUEENSLAND.



SIGNING THE VISITORS' BOOK AT THE RETURNED SAILORS', SOLDIERS' AND AIRMEN'S CLUB AT WARWICK: PRINCESS ALEXANDRA WITH THE MAYOR, ALDERMAN PORTLEY.



AT THE BALL AT TOOWOOMBA TOWN HALL: PRINCESS ALEXANDRA ARRIVING WITH THE MAYOR, ALDERMAN McCAFFERTY, TO THE APPLAUSE OF SOME YOUNGER INHABITANTS.



A SMILING PRINCESS ON HER WAY TO LINDEMAN ISLAND, OFF NORTHERN QUEENSLAND, WHERE SHE SPENT A WEEK-END: HER ROYAL HIGHNESS ON BOARD H.M.A.S. WARRAMUNGA.



PLACING A CROSS—MADE FROM PART OF COVENTRY CATHEDRAL—INTO THE FOUNDATION-STONE OF A CHURCH AT TOWNSVILLE: THE SCENE AT ST. JAMES'S CATHEDRAL.

Among the towns visited by Princess Alexandra on her tour of Queensland during its centenary celebrations was Toowoomba, known as the Garden City of the Darling Downs, on account of its beautiful climate and gardens. Here, on August 24, she attended a ball held in the Town Hall in celebration of Queensland's hundred years of sovereign statehood. The Princess was given a great welcome when she arrived for the ball and a crowd of 20,000

broke through police barriers in their eagerness to catch a close glimpse of her. Another town to be visited was the modern city of Warwick. Princess Alexandra by no means neglected the outback areas, and besides visiting small townships went on a five-mile kangaroo hunt. An unfortunate incident occurred when a seventy-eight-year-old woman was injured by one of the cars in the procession at Toowoomba and subsequently died in hospital.



THE President of the United States has come and gone. Two impressions of his visit which remain perhaps the deepest of all are of a personal nature. The first is the heartiness of his welcome everywhere, but most of all in our own country. This exceeded expectations, though they had been set high. The friendly feelings by which he was greeted were obviously sincere and without reservation. The second impression, equally happy, is that of the President's improved health and of his liveliness. We had heard from America that his progress seemed to have been greater during the last few months than at any time since his last illness, but even so few can have been fully prepared for the change. His health means a great deal to humanity just now.

The main business was done at Chequers. It was led up to by private conversations between President Eisenhower and Mr. Macmillan and by discussions between Mr. Selwyn Lloyd and Mr. Herter. Then the four met, with others, including the two Ambassadors, Mr. Whitney and Sir Harold Caccia. One cannot go far astray in coming to the conclusion that the material dealt with included the possibilities and approach to a Summit Conference, the problem of Berlin, the prospects of a first step towards disarmament,

## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. HIGH POLICY AND PUBLICITY.

By CYRIL FALLS,

*Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.*

words, he had pressed the point. The President said: "If there is a real hope (that) if we are to have a Summit and make something of it—and I mean that if he (Mr. Khrushchev) does things that show that he recognises that just as you and I do—then I think a Summit meeting would be profitable." Later on: "But I would not be a party to a meeting that is going to depress and discourage people: therefore we must have some promise of fruitful results."

Again, the President said: "We have got two million free Western-Berliners. . . . In that case we have really got to be firm." Mr. Macmillan's answer was: "I agree with that. We have to use the right tactical methods to achieve our purpose, with the reasonable amount of adjustment that is necessary from time to time." In my opinion one might gather from these quotations—and with more confidence from the whole record—first, that the President was rather more insistent

spectacle of fencing. In default of news, some editors appreciate this because they believe that newspapers should be "contentious." That may be a good journalistic policy, but I take leave to doubt whether it is in a case of this sort good governmental policy. A hint forced from the lips of a speaker caught unawares or weary may be at least as explosive as an indiscretion uttered without prompting or prodding.

Let us presume to start with that some differences with Dr. Adenauer and General de Gaulle survive, that the cement in the cracks has not dried as yet. Must we, engaged as we are in negotiations with men trained for years in the practice of concealment, who have never in their lives given away a secret that matters, proclaim the weaknesses from the house-tops? It seems to be argued that we should. Even *The Times*, which does not rely on "the contentious" for its own sake, closed an interesting and otherwise fair editorial on the broadcast with: "There were moments on Monday evening when benevolent 'Big Brother' did not seem very far away." A delicious quip to have thought of—and then deleted.

The truth is that expectations about the amount of news that would come out of President



PRESIDENT EISENHOWER AT A SPECIAL SESSION OF THE N.A.T.O. COUNCIL IN PARIS ON SEPTEMBER 3: THE PRESIDENT WAS MAKING A SPEECH IN WHICH HE ASSURED THE MEMBER NATIONS OF HIS COMPLETE CONFIDENCE IN THE NORTH ATLANTIC COUNCIL.

impressions of the last stage of meetings at Geneva, and the future status of France regarding the control of nuclear weapons. One may also suppose relations with France and the Federal Republic of Germany bulked larger than those of the two States concerned. Fortunately, there could not have been much to say about the latter just because they were so good.

It would indeed appear that such differences as had existed—and these had concerned procedure rather than policy itself—had been dealt with before President Eisenhower arrived. One of them revolved about the question of a Summit Conference. It did look at one time as though the President, and the public opinion of his country, took the view that Mr. Macmillan was a little precipitate. At times it seemed doubtful whether they favoured his project at all. However, whether or not this problem was ever serious, there can be little doubt that most of it now belongs to the past.

I cannot guarantee that an attempt to analyse a few passages in the television broadcast in search of differing shades produced by the words of the two men will be worthwhile. I none the less make it. I have room for only a few phrases, which are not consecutive; but they themselves are exactly quoted. Mr. Macmillan remarked: "I have never concealed from you that I have always wanted a Summit meeting." In other

on "some promise of fruitful results"; secondly, that firmness on the subject of Berlin took a rather higher place on his programme, than was the case with the Prime Minister. I feel sure, indeed, that the first interpretation has a basis, though in all probability the second has none.

Not possessing a television set or having found myself able to sit through a seance—except horse-racing on some three occasions—even when brought to it under duress, I can speak only in terms of the radio broadcast. I found this much what I had expected: easy, informal, pleasant, and not particularly revealing. I say "and," not "but," because I should have been astonished had it been informative as regards the plans of the speakers. The Press, on the contrary, would seem to have been surprised that there was not more to tell. Yet no one would have expected either President Eisenhower or Mr. Macmillan to be highly communicative after a conference on the same subjects with their own Ministers and senior officials.

In some quarters it has been urged that there should have been a Press conference here, conducted by the President, with or without the collaboration of the Prime Minister. The Press is sometimes apt to overrate its own importance, great though this is. When at a conference questions are asked which it would be insane to answer in detail, the only practical result is the

Eisenhower's visits were curiously extravagant. The Press, which is generally pretty close to the mark in forecasting results in these international affairs, was unaccountably far from it this time. The fruits of the President's tour will appear in the near future, and then, even if we do not yet know precisely what he intended, we shall have a clear notion of what he achieved. Let us remember, however, that the task which he shouldered so courageously was little more than the preliminaries to preliminaries. If he has contrived to make, inside his own camp, a sentiment and frame of mind which will give the next stage a better chance, he will have done well.

One other phrase of the Prime Minister's may be quoted in conclusion. "I believe, like you, if we can keep the thing fairly steady, for a generation—it will take some time—the people of the world will demand, because of contacts and friendships, what the Governments are trying to give them." This is optimism, but distinctly long-range optimism. For generation my dictionary suggests thirty years. I hope Mr. Macmillan will prove to be even more cautious than is necessary in this respect, but there can be no doubt that caution is called for. One has only to look back on the conferences of the past, including the interminable debates on disarmament, to be assured of that. And yet it moves—a little. Both sides now genuinely seek progress.



# A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—I.



**ZEELAND, HOLLAND.** TO MARK THE OPENING OF THE DUTCH OYSTER AND MUSSEL SEASON: A GAY AND COLOURFUL ASSEMBLY OF FISHING-BOATS—WITH THEIR FLAGS AND PENNANTS FLUTTERING IN THE BREEZE—ON THE OOSTERSCHDELDE RIVER.



**HERNE, GERMANY.** STANDING IN TRADITIONAL UNIFORM BESIDE THE COFFINS OF SIX OF THEIR FELLOW MINERS KILLED IN AN ACCIDENT: PALLBEARERS AT THE BURIAL SERVICE. Six German miners, whose coffins are seen here, and one other worker, were killed during a cave-in on July 29 at the "Shamrock" Mine, near Herne, a mining town to the north-west of Dortmund. The bodies were recovered only recently, and the funeral took place on September 1.



**NEW DELHI.** TO DISCUSS INCIDENTS ON THE INDIA-PAKISTAN BORDER: GENERAL AYUB KHAN, PRESIDENT OF PAKISTAN, WITH MR. NEHRU, THE INDIAN PRIME MINISTER, AT PALAM AIRPORT. General Ayub Khan's meeting with Mr. Nehru was the first encounter since the former had taken over power in Pakistan. The two leaders decided, as a result of the brief meeting, to have a high-level conference. It is hoped many long-standing differences may be settled.



**FIUMICINO, ITALY.** NEARING COMPLETION AT THE NEW FIUMICINO AIRPORT IN READINESS FOR THE 1960 ROME OLYMPICS: A CONTROL TOWER IN ITS FINAL STAGES. Work on the new Fiumicino Airport, at the mouth of the Tiber, has been progressing rapidly in preparation for the 1960 Rome Olympics. Two runways—one of which is 3280 yards in length—are already completed, and the control tower shown here is operable. The whole project will cost about £15,000,000.



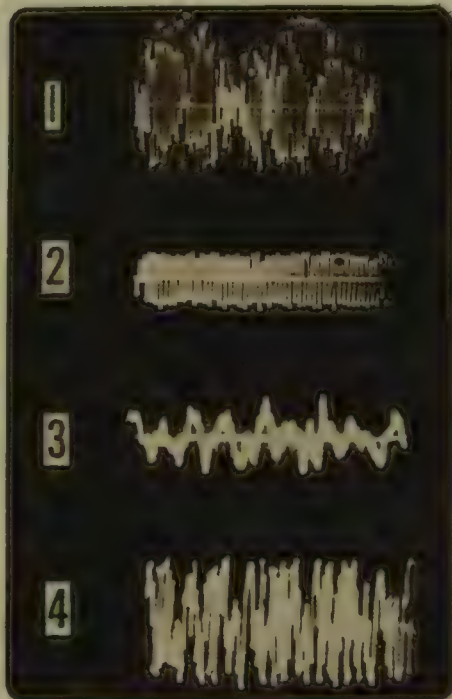
**PAGE, ARIZONA.** A DAM ACROSS THE COLORADO RIVER IN COURSE OF CONSTRUCTION: AN AERIAL VIEW OF THE GROWING GLEN CANYON DAM, WITH THE COMPLETED BRIDGE. Work is at present in progress on the foundation excavations for the Glen Canyon Dam, on the Colorado River, a few miles south of the Arizona-Utah border. The project, one of the largest ever carried out in the United States, is expected to be completed by 1964.



## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—II.



**SWEDEN. TREE SURGERY IN THE GRAND MANNER: MAKING GOOD A HUGE WOUND IN AN 800-YEAR-OLD OAK-TREE.** This ancient oak in Stockholm's Waldemarstulle recently shed a huge limb. Tree surgeons scraped away rotten wood and sealed the wound with wire netting and masonite—as shown. Later bark was glued on to the prepared surface.



**U.S.A. TARGET IMAGES FROM A U.S. RADAR SET WHICH CAN DIFFERENTIATE BETWEEN THE SEXES.** This set, developed for the U.S. Army, is so sensitive that it shows different images for (1) a train, (2) a car, (3) a man walking, and (4) a girl walking. How this last distinction is made is not revealed.



**DACHAU, WEST GERMANY. GROUP-CAPTAIN CHESHIRE, V.C. (CENTRE), AND HIS WIFE, IN FRONT OF THE INFAMOUS CREMATORIUM AT DACHAU, DURING A RECENT VISIT.**

Early this month Group-Captain Cheshire, V.C., and his wife were among members of a Roman Catholic group which visited the once infamous concentration camp of Dachau, near Munich, and held a night-watch in the chapel of the camp. The barrack buildings of the camp are still used by refugees.



**NEAR VIENTIANE, LAOS. MEMBERS OF AN ARMoured CAR CREW IN THE ROYAL LAOTIAN ARMY.**



**SAMNEUA, LAOS. COMMUNIST REBEL TROOPS TAKEN PRISONER BEING MARCHED ACROSS THE SAMNEUA AIRFIELD BEFORE BEING FLOWN SOUTH TO VIENTIANE.**



On September 2 it was announced by the commander of the Laotian Army that a force estimated at 3500 and consisting of North Viet Nam troops and Pathet Lao rebels had invaded Laos and was moving towards Samneua. On September 4 Laos appealed to the United Nations and asked for an emergency force to police its frontiers; and on September 5 a state of emergency was declared. On September 6 Mr. Hammarskjöld called for a meeting of the Security Council.

(Left.) **PARIS, FRANCE. PRESENTED TO THE PRESIDENT BY GENERAL DE GAULLE: BUSTS OF BENJAMIN FRANKLIN AND GEORGE WASHINGTON IN SEVRES POTTERY.** During the visit of President Eisenhower to Paris, gifts were exchanged between him and General de Gaulle. The two busts shown are in unglazed Sevres pottery and are from the original sculptures by Houdon. The Prime Minister of the Congo Republic presented President Eisenhower with a 2-year-old white elephant.

(Right.) **PARIS, FRANCE. TO GENERAL DE GAULLE FROM PRESIDENT EISENHOWER: A PRISMATIC CRYSTAL ENGRAVED BY STEUBEN AND EVOKING A CATHEDRAL SPIRE.**

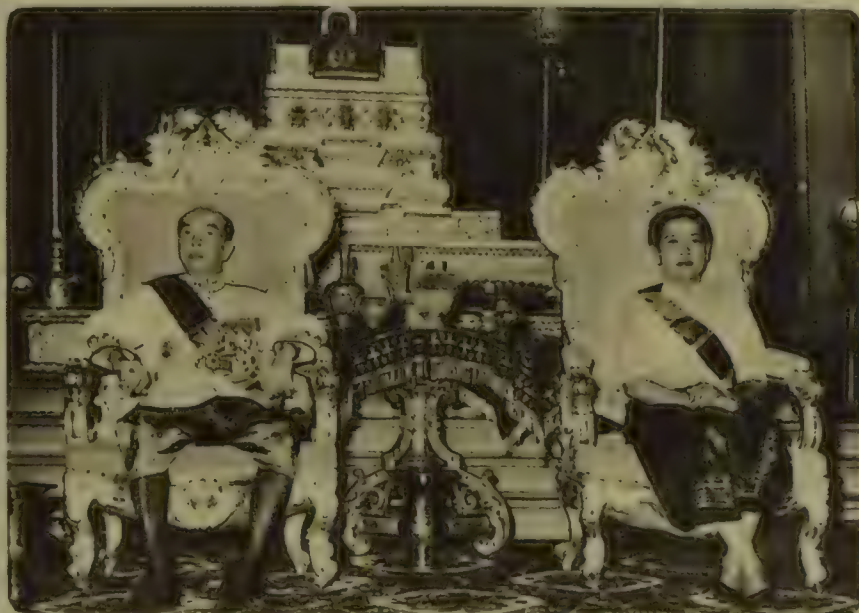




A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—III.



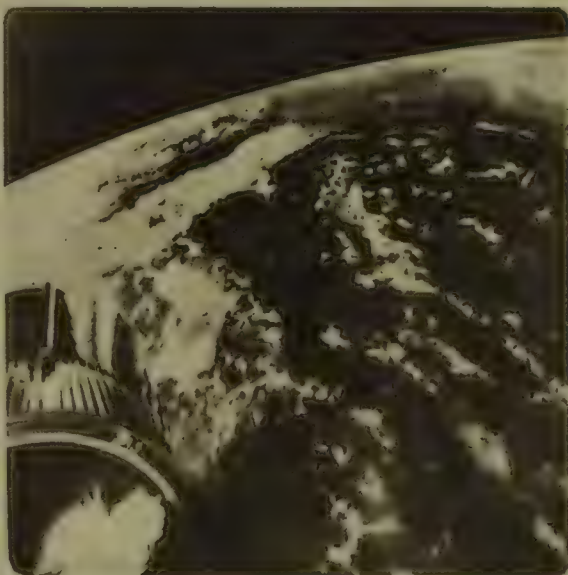
**OKLAHOMA CITY, U.S.A.** ABOUT TO CELEBRATE THE ENDING OF PROHIBITION AFTER FIFTY-TWO "DRY" YEARS: CUSTOMERS GATHERING OUTSIDE A NEW STATE-OWNED LIQUOR STORE. The State of Oklahoma recently went "wet" when the fifty-two-year-old prohibition law was repealed. Five hundred State-owned liquor stores in Oklahoma City opened their doors for the first time for the sale of whisky and other strong beverages.



**PNOMPENH, CAMBODIA.** THE KING AND QUEEN OF CAMBODIA, WHO NARROWLY ESCAPED INJURY WHEN A BOMB EXPLODED, KILLING PRINCE VAKRIVAN AND A SERVANT. Pledges of loyalty were made by the people of Cambodia to their King and Queen after they had narrowly escaped death on August 31 when a parcel bomb exploded. The Government has stated that the crime was "undoubtedly plotted from abroad."



**CAIRO, EGYPT.** ON A FOUR-DAY VISIT TO EGYPT: KING SAUD OF SAUDI-ARABIA BEING ESCORTED BY HIS HOST, PRESIDENT NASSER, INTO THE KUBBEH PALACE. On August 31 King Saud and President Nasser met for the first time since the former was accused of intriguing to prevent the Syrian-Egyptian Union. The main purpose of the visit appears to have been to boost Arab unity as a counter to "the Communist danger" in Iraq.



**SEVEN HUNDRED MILES UP.** AN AMAZING PICTURE TAKEN AT A RECORD ALTITUDE BY AN AUTOMATIC CAMERA CONTAINED IN THE NOSE CONE OF AN *ATLAS* MISSILE. In this astonishing picture, taken from an *Atlas* inter-continental missile, fired from Cape Canaveral, Florida, the main stage of the missile can be seen falling away to the lower left. The area of the earth photographed included parts of South America and the eastern seaboard of the United States.



**MOSCOW, U.S.S.R.** MR. GAITSKELL (RIGHT) AND MR. BEVAN IN COLOURFUL EMBROIDERED CAPS FROM UZBEKISTAN: A SCENE FROM THEIR TEN-DAY VISIT TO THE SOVIET UNION. Mr. Gaitskell and Mr. Bevan arrived in Moscow on August 29 for a ten-day visit. They had been invited by the Soviet Inter-Parliamentary Group. During their visit they met Mr. Khrushchev at the Kremlin and discussed the danger of the spread of nuclear weapons.



**ORLY, FRANCE.** ON TOP OF THE NEW AIR TERMINAL: WORKERS COMPLETING THE ROOF WHICH HAS BEEN BUILT OVER THE NEWLY-OPENED NO. 7 HIGHWAY.



**OFFENBACH, GERMANY.** A HANDBAG WITH A CAMERA NEATLY CONTAINED IN IT: AN UNUSUAL—BUT ELEGANT—EXHIBIT AT THE INTERNATIONAL LEATHER GOODS FAIR.



**EDMONTON, ALBERTA.** TWO RARE PASSENGERS FROM THE YUKON: A PAIR OF DALL LAMBS RECEIVING CARE AFTER ARRIVING AT THE AIRPORT. These delightful Dall lambs, members of a rare breed of pure white mountain bighorns, were captured in the wild region of the Kluane Game Sanctuary, 150 miles north of Whitehorse, in the Yukon.



## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—IV.



THE SPOT WHERE WOLFE WAS MORTALLY WOUNDED. THE STONE MARKER SHOWS THE SITE AND IS IN LINE WITH THE SPOT WHERE MONTCALM FELL ON TOP OF THE HILL. WOLFE WAS, HOWEVER, CARRIED BACK AND DIED LATER WHEN HIS VICTORY OVER THE FRENCH WAS ASSURED.



WHERE 200 YEARS AGO THIS SUNDAY WOLFE WON HIS FAMOUS VICTORY. THE BRITISH RIGHT FLANK WAS DRAWN UP IN THIS AREA.

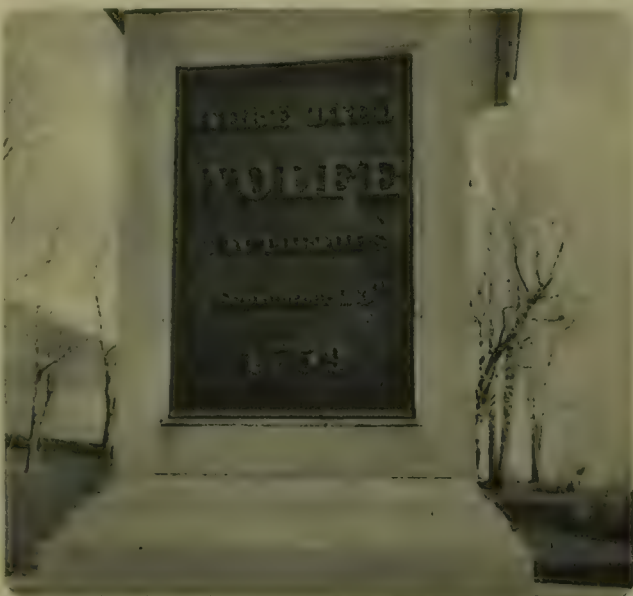


THE SANDY GULLY UP WHICH WOLFE AND HIS TROOPS ARE THOUGHT TO HAVE CLIMBED DURING THE NIGHT OF SEPT. 12-13, 1759, WHEN THE GREATER PART OF MONTCALM'S ARMY HAD BEEN DECEIVED AWAY.



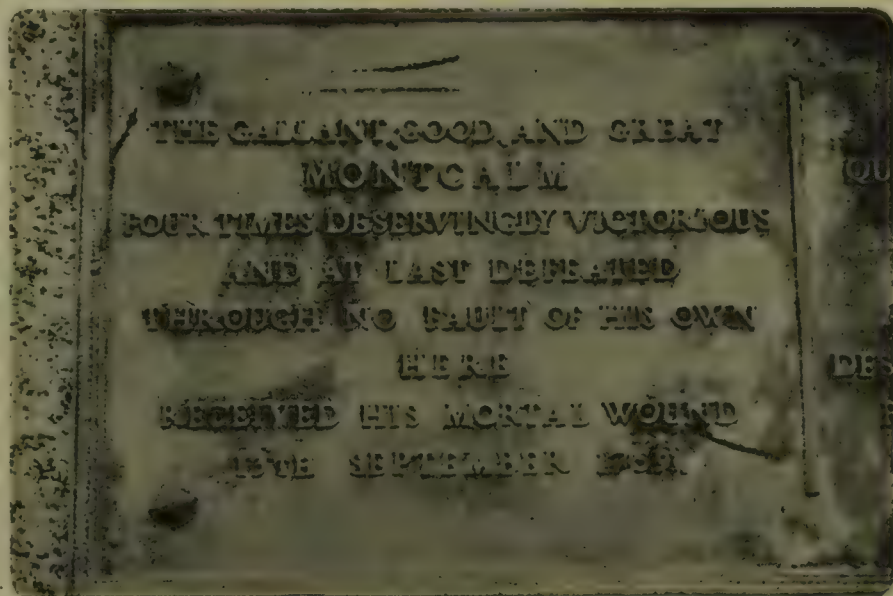
THE JOINT MEMORIAL TO WOLFE AND MONTCALM, ON DUFFERIN TERRACE, QUEBEC—WHICH WILL BE THE CENTRE OF THE BICENTENARY CEREMONIES

THE WOLFE MONUMENT IN THE QUEBEC BATTLEFIELDS PARK, WHICH STANDS QUITE NEAR THE QUEBEC PROVINCIAL MUSEUM, WHERE ARE PAINTINGS OF THE BATTLE.



(Left.) "HERE DIED WOLFE VICTORIOUS, SEPTEMBER 13TH 1759": THE INSCRIPTION ON THE BASE OF THE WOLFE MEMORIAL COLUMN IN QUEBEC BATTLEFIELDS PARK—WHICH IS SHOWN IN THE PHOTOGRAPH NEXT ABOVE.

(Right.) THE ENGLISH VERSION OF THE BILINGUAL INSCRIPTION ON THE MARKING STONE IN BATTLEFIELDS PARK WHICH SHOWS WHERE "THE GAL-LANT, GOOD AND GREAT MONTCALM... RECEIVED HIS MORTAL WOUND, 13TH SEPTEMBER, 1759."



#### QUEBEC, CANADA. SCENES AND MEMORIALS OF THE GREAT BATTLE OF TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

This summer the Kent village of Westerham has been celebrating the bicentenary of the death of General James Wolfe—who was born and baptised there in 1726 and who died of his wounds at the moment of victory on the Plains of Abraham, Quebec, on September 13, 1759. The bicentenary of the battle is being celebrated in Quebec to-morrow (Sunday, September 13), and we show here some of the famous sites and memorials on or near the scene of the battle which ended French rule in Canada. It was reported in Quebec

that the Lord Chief Justice of England, Lord Parker, at present in Canada, would attend the ceremonies at the Wolfe-Montcalm monument on Dufferin Terrace and also visit the Wolfe Monument and the Battlefields Park. It has also been reported that the St. Jean Baptiste Society, a Quebec patriotic organisation of about 50,000 members, has refused to participate in the ceremonies, which were designed to stress 200 years of harmony between the two racial groups.





THE AUTHOR OF "ENDURANCE,"  
REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE: MR.  
ALFRED LANSING.

Born in Chicago, Mr. Lansing joined the U.S. Navy at the age of nineteen and served on escort destroyers in World War Two. After working four years for United Press and three years for *Collier's Magazine* in New York, Mr. Lansing resigned in 1955 to take up free-lance writing.

Livingstone, and Speke we can now place those of Amundsen, Fuchs, Hillary, Scott, and Shackleton. In size, it is true, the continents are hardly comparable, for Africa is three times that of Europe, but, as is not always realised, Antarctica is that of Europe and Australia put together, though only a very small amount of the land can be said to be ice-free throughout the year, but as magnets to draw the modern European they have proved to be of equal strength. There, however, the comparison ends, for whereas Africa has always been teeming with human life, no man or woman ever spent—at any rate voluntarily—more than a very brief period in Antarctica until recent times.

In these circumstances it is hardly surprising that so frozen a continent should for centuries have been avoided rather than sought, and the first great name in Antarctic exploration is that of Captain James Cook, while Antarctica itself became known in English-speaking countries not long afterwards largely because of Coleridge's poem, "The Ancient Mariner." These two books deal with what has been accomplished during the past 150 years, and in many ways they are complementary. Professor Debenham was with Scott in his last expedition, and his truly enthralling volume covers the whole field of Antarctic exploration; while Mr. Lansing is a young American journalist who has made a special study of Shackleton's *Endurance* expedition, which he describes in an extremely well-written and gripping narrative.

It has been said of the famous men mentioned in these pages that Scott was the one for scientific leadership, Amundsen the one for swift and efficient travel, but that in a hopeless situation "get down on your knees and pray for Shackleton," and there is more than a little truth in these statements. No one who has read the account of Amundsen's dash to the South Pole would question the rapidity or the efficiency of his movements, while Professor Debenham says of Scott that he was "really a scientist very successfully disguised as a naval captain," and Mr. Lansing's description of Shackleton could not have been more to the point.

He was, above all, an explorer in the classic mould—utterly self-reliant, romantic, and just a little swash-buckling. . . . Whatever his mood—whether it was gay and breezy, or dark with rage—he had one pervading characteristic: he was purposeful.

As one reads either of these volumes it is borne in upon one that in nothing has the influence of modern science been more marked than in all that relates to Antarctic exploration. It is not so very long ago that once an expedition had set off nothing more was heard of it until it returned—or did not return, and Professor Debenham very wisely divides the historical section of his narrative into three parts, which he describes respectively as the ages of sail, steam and oil:

Since the beginning of the century three new inventions had been feeling their way to maturity, namely, the motor-car, the aeroplane, and wireless communications. The first two depended entirely, and

## THE FROZEN SOUTH.

"ENDURANCE." By ALFRED LANSING.\*  
"ANTARCTICA." By FRANK DEBENHAM.†

An Appreciation by SIR CHARLES PETRIE.

wireless partly, on the rise of oil as a source of power. All three were soon to revolutionise the exploration of the Antarctic.

So invaluable a part is now played by wireless that we are told of a Swedish doctor in the Antarctic who had never previously even seen an operation on the eye, but who, coached over the radio by an oculist at home and with the use of nothing except home-made instruments, removed the eye of a British geologist in an operation lasting two-and-a-half hours with such success that the patient took the field again the following season. It is all very different from the days when the *Endurance* expedition ran into trouble as described by Mr. Lansing:

They were for all practical purposes alone in the frozen Antarctic seas. It had been very nearly a year

helicopters, no Weasels, no Sno-Cats, no suitable planes. Thus their plight was naked and terrifying in its simplicity. If they were to get out—they had to get themselves out.

Incidentally, when they had to perform any surgical operation, such as the amputation of a foot, they had no expert advice from the outside world to guide them.

THE AUTHOR OF "ANTARCTICA,"  
REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE: PROFESSOR  
FRANK DEBENHAM.

Professor Debenham, who was born in New South Wales in 1883, joined Captain Scott's ill-fated expedition of 1910-13 as a geologist. After World War One he returned to Cambridge, where he had been a student, and established in 1925 the Scott Polar Research Institute, of which he was director until 1948.

Indeed, the more one reads of the *Endurance* expedition the more incredible does it sound. Apart from Scott's last attack on the South Pole it was surely the most dramatic attempt ever made to discover the secrets of the frozen South, and in the whole history of exploration hope and despair have rarely alternated so rapidly or so continuously. Mr. Lansing has a gift for description, and the story he has to tell gives full play to his powers. The voyage out from England in the early weeks of the First World War, the final abandonment of the ice-bound ship, the perilous passage by land and sea to Elephant Island, and the journey in the *James Caird* to King Haakon Bay in South Georgia, all form a story which is a tribute to the will-power of those who took part in the adventure as well as to the leadership of Shackleton upon whom the survival of the party depended.

If the Antarctic explorers described by the two authors were spared some of the hazards, such as poisonous snakes, that are run by travellers in Africa and South America there were, it would appear, other risks to be encountered from the denizens of these frozen zones. One of them was the so-called sea leopard, which is really a predatory species of seal, and it resembles a leopard only in its spotted coat and in its disposition: it is about 12 ft. long, and as it can get along the most unpromising terrain at a pace of at least five miles an hour it is a formidable proposition for an unarmed man who is attacked in soft, deep snow by one of these monsters. As for the dogs, it may come as something in the nature of a disillusionment to many readers to be told that the huskies are far from being the friendly creatures they may have imagined, and Professor Debenham goes so far as to say that "their one recreation is fighting," so much so, in fact, that on one occasion at least they were about to turn on Scott himself when he stooped to fasten a boot-lace.

Although these two books cover a great deal of the same ground where Shackleton is in question, Professor Debenham is concerned with the future as well as with the past, and so optimistic is he that he sees no reason why sanatoria should not be established in Antarctica, while "with sanatoria one could associate a certain amount of tourism to spread the expense over a wide field." This is certainly looking rather far ahead, even supposing that in the future, sanatoria will still be considered the best method of curing consumption, and that tourists do not mind putting up with a certain amount of discomfort; however this may be, since Antarctica is mostly solid earth, albeit covered by ice and snow, and not, like the Arctic, an ice-covered body of water, it is no use as a hiding-place for the nuclear submarine, so it may well avoid the doubtful distinction of being a major theatre in any Third World War.

\* "Endurance: Shackleton's Incredible Voyage." By Alfred Lansing. Illustrated. (Hodder and Stoughton; 21s.)

† "Antarctica—The Story of a Continent." By Frank Debenham. Illustrated. (Herbert Jenkins; 25s.)



AFTER ENDURANCE WAS ABANDONED: A TEAM OF DOGS LOOKS DISCONSOLATELY  
AT THE TANGLE OF RIGGING STILL ABOVE THE SURFACE OF THE ICE.



LAUNCHING THE JAMES CAIRD ON APRIL 24, 1916.

These illustrations from the book "Endurance" are the copyright of the Royal Geographical Society, to whom grateful acknowledgement is made, and are reproduced by courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton.

since they had last been in contact with civilisation. Nobody in the outside world knew they were in trouble, much less where they were. They had no radio transmitter with which to notify any would-be rescuers, and it is doubtful that any rescuers could have reached them even if they had been able to broadcast an S.O.S. It was 1915, and there were no



# COVENTRY REBUILT: THE ONCE-DEVASTATED CITY'S RECONSTRUCTED CENTRE.



COVENTRY'S WELL-PLANNED CITY CENTRE: A VIEW OF BROADGATE, SHOWING THE CANOPIED FOOTWAYS WITH THE NEW HOTEL LEOFRIC ON THE RIGHT.



PROUDLY ON HER HORSE: THE STATUE OF LADY GODIVA IN THE CENTRE OF BROADGATE, AN AREA VERY BADLY DAMAGED BY ENEMY BOMBING DURING THE WAR.



(Above.) AN UNUSUAL CAFE: COVENTRY'S NEW DRUM-SHAPED RESTAURANT, WHICH IS 37 FT. IN DIAMETER AND CAN SEAT 72 PEOPLE. IT IS ENCLOSED BY PLATE GLASS.



WITH FOUNTAINS PLAYING INTO THE POOL BENEATH A FOOTWAY CONNECTING TWO SIDES OF THE PRECINCT: A VIEW OF PART OF COVENTRY'S NEW SHOPPING CENTRE

COVENTRY, the great Midlands city, devastated by German bombs in 1940, has truly risen Phoenix-like from its ashes as a result of the large-scale, exemplarily well-planned reconstruction scheme which has been in progress over the past few years. Striking new buildings in concrete, steel, brick and glass now stand close by the historic structures which survived the war, among which are the Tudor Guildhall, Kirby House and Holy Trinity Church, with its soaring 17th-century spire. The aim of the redevelopment and reconstruction scheme has been to build the different neighbourhoods as self-contained entities, each with its own centre, and to preserve the unity of the city by blending new with old. The Precinct, the main shopping centre, has been planned with a view to drawing shoppers away from traffic-congested thoroughfares and has been arranged on two levels, the upper being connected with the canopied footways, thus providing shelter in wet weather. Broadgate, the other main centre, is a huge roundabout which surrounds pleasant green lawns.



SHOPPING ON TWO LEVELS: THE PRECINCT IN COVENTRY'S CITY CENTRE SHOWING HOW FOOTSORE SHOPPERS ARE WELL PROVIDED FOR.



A CONCOURSE  
OF GREAT  
LINERS IN A  
VIEW OF NEW  
YORK DOCKS;  
AND THE  
U.S. NAVY'S  
"ROLL-ON,  
ROLL-OFF"  
TECHNIQUE.

(Right.)

A STRIKING ILLUSTRATION OF NEW YORK'S CONVENIENCE FOR OCEAN LINERS, WITH SIX GREAT LINERS AT THE BERTHS AND ONE IN THE HUDSON RIVER—ON AUGUST 25.

The liners tied up are, from l. to r.: The American Export Lines *Constitution* (23,719 tons); the Italian *Cristoforo Colombo* (29,083 tons); the United States Lines *United States* (53,329 tons); the Greek Line *Olympia* (23,000 tons); the Cunarder *Queen Elizabeth* (83,673 tons); the Swedish-America Line *Stockholm* (11,650 tons); and in the river her sister-ship *Gripsholm* (19,105 tons).



DEMONSTRATING THE U.S. NAVY'S NEW "ROLL-ON, ROLL-OFF" TECHNIQUE: THE NAVAL CARGO-SHIP *COMET* (RIGHT) DISCHARGING CARGO THROUGH A STERN RAMP.

This naval cargo ship, which was first commissioned in September 1957, and completed in January 1958, has a full load displacement of 18,150 tons. She is fitted with a stern ramp system for loading and unloading. She is here seen discharging a vehicle into a beach

discharge lighter. In her after holds she can carry 700 vehicles, while the forward holds are for general cargo. Her hull is strengthened against ice, she is fitted with Denny-Brown stabilisers and has a speed of about 18 knots.





THE VAST CROWDS AT THE HOTEL DE VILLE ON SEPTEMBER 2: PRESIDENT EISENHOWER THERE RECEIVED AT A CEREMONY THE GOLDEN KEY OF PARIS.

### SCENES OF WELCOME IN PARIS: THE PRESIDENTS CONSULT.

**D**URING the ceremonies on President Eisenhower's arrival in Paris on September 2, he drove to the Elysée where an hour's discussion with President de Gaulle took place in which the latter is said to have expounded his views on Algeria. After lunch, they drove to the Arc de Triomphe, where President Eisenhower lit the flame at the Unknown Warrior's grave. From there they went to the Hôtel de Ville, where in the splendid scene shown above, Mr. Eisenhower signed a parchment embossed with the French and American colours and received from the Mayor, M. Devraigne, the golden key of the City of Paris. The next day he made a surprise visit to a special session of the N.A.T.O. Council, where he spoke in a short discussion. He also went to S.H.A.P.E., where he had been Supreme Allied Commander. Then he continued on to Rambouillet, where he was the guest of President de Gaulle.



THE TWO PRESIDENTS ON THE STEPS OF THE ELYSÉE GARDEN: MR. HERTER, THE SECRETARY OF STATE, IS BEHIND PRESIDENT EISENHOWER.





PRESIDENT EISENHOWER IN PARIS : THE BRILLIANT PROCESSION PASSING OVER THE SEINE.

President Eisenhower arrived from London, in Paris, on the morning of September 2, where he was met at Le Bourget Airport by President de Gaulle and members of the French Cabinet. It was the last part of the United States President's European tour for the purpose of discussing Western affairs before the visit of Mr. Khrushchev to the United States. The magnificent scene as the procession passed over the Concorde Bridge on its way to the Quai d'Orsay, shows the escort of outriders and the mounted troops of the Republican

Guard. The Place de la Concorde lies in the background with its famous obelisk and the Madeleine behind. President Eisenhower stayed at the Quai d'Orsay in the suite used by King George VI. He received a reception in Paris comparable to the emotion aroused by his earlier visits to Bonn and to London. He held talks with President de Gaulle on Franco-American relations and the possibility of a settlement of the troubles in Algeria. He stayed in France until September 4, receiving a great welcome during his many engagements.





Last year—in our issue of June 12, 1950—Professor W. B. Emery described the first season's work he had done for the Egypt Exploration Society at Buhen, in the Sudan, on the Nile not far from Wadi Halfa. This consisted of uncovering about half of the west front of a large fortress, first built (on a most elaborate scale) in the Middle Kingdom, lost during the period of the Hyksos domination, and rebuilt on a somewhat different plan in the New Kingdom period of expansion; and these discoveries immediately revolutionised many of our previous ideas of Pharaonic military architecture. During the second season's digging (which began in October last) the whole of the west front (about 188 yards long) was uncovered and excavations were begun inside the (Continued opposite.



(Continued) walls. It is as a result of these excavations that Professor Emery has been able to make exact plans of both the Middle Kingdom (inset here) and the much later New Kingdom façades and with his assistance Mr. Alan Sorrell has been able to make not only this large-scale reconstruction drawing but also drawings of the early West Gate and the later façade which are reproduced on page 249 and page 250. On pages 250-251 will be found an illustrated article by Professor Emery describing the work, the fortress and also two outstanding smaller discoveries—the skeleton of a horse which can be securely dated to a point some 200 years before the horse was believed to be known in Egypt; and a quantity of torn-up papyrus which may be the remains of military despatches.

**A MASTERPIECE OF EGYPTIAN MILITARY ARCHITECTURE: THE FORTRESS OF BUHEN, NEAR WADI HALFA, AS IT WAS 4000 YEARS AGO—A RECONSTRUCTION BASED ON NEW EXCAVATIONS.**

*Specially drawn for "The Illustrated London News" by Alan Sorrell, with the co-operation of Professor W. B. Emery. Plan by Professor Emery.*





OF the shrubs growing in my garden it is the myrtle which is at once the most troublesome and the source of the greatest pleasure.

There are four of them, three being young plants grown from cuttings taken from the fourth, which was given to me in a pot, by a friend. Although the original myrtle is now seven years old, it is still only 5 ft. tall, for it has twice been almost killed by frost. Two of the others will not, we hope, be subject to the same risk, for they have been planted against walls in the warmest corners we can find. There is nothing spectacular about the small, pointed leaves: they stay bright green, have a good gloss on them, and are pleasant to see at all seasons. But when the shrub flowers, it becomes very beautiful, for the small, starry white flowers have extraordinary distinction. And their scent, spicy, balsamic, is incomparable, an aura of fragrance which, on warm evenings as the dew begins to fall, fills the shrubbery.

But there is something more: the merits by which we judge a plant must surely include that plant's history, its significance in the history of civilisation, as well as its form, colour and habit. It is perhaps impossible to know when and how myrtle was introduced to England; nor does it matter, for the shrub is part of the fabric of our culture, like the grapevine, the sonnet form, symphonic music, the wheat plant. Myrtle was Apollo's tree, and since it had to be planted round the shrines of that god, its diffusion westward from some Asiatic Greek centre was ensured by the spread of Apollo's cult. That centre was probably Lydia. It is written that in the city of Temnos in that country, on the left bank of the River Hermos, was a figure of Aphrodite "carved from the living myrtle by Pelops the son of Tantalus to obtain the favour of the goddess in his wooing of Hippodamia." What does "carved in the living myrtle" mean? If the figure was of myrtle-wood, it was small. Can it be perhaps a case of very early, and sacerdotal or ritual, topiary? At all events, myrtle is as closely entwined with the old religions of Europe, especially that part of Europe which gave birth to our civilisation, as the grapevine. In Cyprus, Astarte's parish, it was into a myrtle that the king's daughter Myrrha was changed to save her from the persecutions of her incestuous father. It was myrtle which formed the wreath carried in procession at the festival called Hellotia, in honour of the goddess Europa, held annually in Crete and in Corinth. The Arabian myrtle is *myrta*; the town was called after Myrina, whose tomb, as I am reminded by Victor Heyn in his "Wanderings of Plants and Animals," is mentioned in the "Iliad." This priestess was in the service of the Lydian moon-goddess, whom it is difficult to distinguish from Europa. It would be possible to fill this whole number of *The Illustrated London News* with such instances.

The point is that from the neighbourhood of the shrines where it was planted in European Greece, the myrtle colonised the rocky coasts of that country. And since religion was the core of civilisation, the shrub must soon have come to be associated with a polished and humane way of living, rather than with a specific and originally barbarous and even orgiastic cult. We do not know at what date the shrub came from Greece to Italy; presumably it was taken there for its religious significance and use by colonists from Greece. Nor can one know to what extent it was still associated with Apollo and Aphrodite as it moved north into Gaul. No doubt, by the time it reached England, its religious associations had been quite forgotten by all but scholars. I feel sure that it came to us, however, not strictly on its botanical or horticultural merits, but as one of those symbols which, throughout English history,

## IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

### MYRTLE; AND FIGS.

By EDWARD HYAMS.

proclaim the radiant energy of the classical civilisation, its attraction for the northern peoples, and its influence on them. It is customary to seek evidence for this in such stony artefacts as Doric columns or Corinthian capitals; or in the influence of Greek thought and feeling on English religious and secular ideas. But, for those who have eyes for such things, it is quite as apparent in garden plants, and notably in myrtle. I have said that my own has twice been cut down by frost: the symbol, then, is a complete one, for how many Mediterranean ideas, introduced, beloved and fostered, have failed to survive the



RICH, RIPE AND BURSTING WITH SWEETNESS: OUTDOOR FIGS IN KENT, WHERE MR. HYAMS HAS GATHERED A CROP OF SEVERAL VARIETIES, SWEET, PLENTIFUL AND IN SOME CASES RISING TO 6 OZS. PER SINGLE FRUIT.

Photograph by Douglas Weaver.

climate of a land which lies on the periphery of two different kinds of culture?

The preservation of our myrtle during our sometimes very cold winters presents a problem, for it does not seem "right" to bundle up an evergreen in straw and sacking, as one can very well do with deciduous shrubs. One winter we made an even worse mistake: we built a jury-rigged tent over the shrub, with bamboos and

polythene, making it a temporary greenhouse to itself. But these transparent plastic films, while they have their uses in summer, are worse than useless in winter. By the time we had discovered that temperatures under polythene are sometimes lower than over it, the damage was done. The most one can do is to plant myrtle where walls and other, hardier shrubs protect it; erect a temporary screen against the coldest winds in winter; and hope for the best.

On the subject of "Mediterraneism" in the garden, what I shall remember of this summer will be its extraordinary, fruity richness. And most representative of that glorious fecundity have been the fig-trees. We have usually had a few belated figs to bring to table, justifying our claim that we grow figs as well as other fruits. But this year it has been different, there has been nothing marginal about it, we have not had to nurse and foster every fruit; we have had figs to gorge, figs to give away, figs to sell, figs to let drop and be eaten by wasps and ants on the ground with the indifference of the rich to waste. A splendid feeling, as it has been to go out of an evening, after the serious work of the day was done, with a basket on one arm, and fill it with figs. Nor is this festival over, the trees ripen more fruit day after day, and only a really serious deterioration in the weather can check their generosity now.

Some of the fruit, too, has been remarkable. The variety "Brunswick," not outstanding for flavour, is astonishing for the size of its fruit. I have weighed several individual fruits at over 6 ozs. each. "Brown Turkey" has been the most productive variety as to number of fruits; for flavour and looks I prefer "Negro Largo." "Violette Sepor," finishing pale gold, is the least fruitful but the handsomest. If, as one friend of mine forecasts, 1959 is only the first of a cycle of hot summers, maybe someone will plant fig orchards again, like the one which formerly graced the environs of Worthing and whose site is now, doubtless, covered not with beautiful and fruitful trees, but with houses or bungalows of which least said soonest mended.

This sudden and extreme fruitfulness of our fig-trees can not simply be due to the weather this year, even though the sunshine and high temperatures have been with us for months. For a tree's crop is prepared well in advance, at least a whole year in advance. So that I think it fair to attribute our fig-triumph at least in part to the advice given us by Mr. Justin Brooke, who drew our attention to the special pruning method devised by that very great gardener, Monsieur de la Quintinye. I have not, indeed, Evelyn's version of the book the Frenchman wrote, but London and Wise's translation for which they oddly claim that it is "compendiously abridged"; and, arrogantly, "made of more use with very considerable improvements." Be that as it may, it was de la Quintinye who insisted that in late April or early May one should pinch out the green tips of the leading branches of fig-trees, forcing the growth of lower buds, and also of fruit. This I extended, treating the trees very roughly indeed as reported earlier in this journal. Consistently, every heaven-aspiring shoot has been headed back for some years now. The result, a jungle of small wood low down on the trees; but all of it fruitful.

In some measure, then, we owe the crop to Mr. Brooke's modification of de la Quintinye's method. In another respect we flew in the face of Mr. Brooke's advice to fig-growers. We did not water the trees from the end of May till the end of June. We did not water them at all. Their border became as dry as dust. They seem to like it so.

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# DROUGHT IN THE LADYBOWER RESERVOIR: A LOST VILLAGE COMING UP FOR AIR.

(Right.)

PART OF THE LOST VILLAGE OF  
DERWENT LAID BARE BY THE FALL-  
ING WATER-LEVEL: BUILDINGS SUB-  
MERGED IN 1944 BY THE RESERVOIR.

(Above.)

THE SHALLOWNESS OF THE  
RESERVOIR DUE TO DROUGHT:  
FISH SEEKING SHADE FROM  
THE SUN.

ONE of the results of the scarcity of rain-fall this summer has been the half-emptying of the three great Derwent Valley reservoirs, one of which, Ladybower, is shown here. A strange consequence has been the reappearance of the village of Derwent that was submerged in 1944 and whose ruins now stand above the water, like a reproachful spectre from the dead. The reservoir was inaugurated by the late King in 1945, when a copy of *The Illustrated London News* was deposited there in a copper cylinder for posterity. The reservoirs serve Sheffield, Leicester and Nottingham. The supplies of water continue to go down, leaving Derwent's sad remains in the open air. Visitors can now pick their way over the scattered stones of the Church and the Old Hall which once dominated the pastoral valley.

(Right.)

THE DERWENT VALLEY LADY-BOWER RESERVOIR NOW HALF EMPTY: THE OLD DERWENT RIVER BRIDGE APPARENT.



VISITORS PICKING THEIR WAY OVER THE RUINS OF THE OLD HALL. THE RESERVOIR SUPPLIES THE NEEDS OF SHEFFIELD, LEICESTER AND NOTTINGHAM.



THE MELANCHOLY REMAINS OF THE CHURCH TOWER: A VIEW UP THE DERWENT VALLEY SHOWING THE RECESSON OF THE WATER.





## A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

By FRANK DAVIS.

### HISTORIC RICHMOND

Wick House, on Richmond Hill, was built for Reynolds by Sir William Chambers in 1770-71 and was used by him for week-ends.

Richard Wilson's paintings of the river are familiar enough—this one, of the Pagoda at Kew, lent by Mrs. Geoffrey Hart, will be new to many, as indeed it was to me. Wilson was a friend of Sir William Chambers, the architect of the Pagoda as of Somerset House and much besides, and the picture was exhibited in May 1762 at the Society of Artists. As the Pagoda was not completed until the spring of that year it has been suggested that Chambers lent Wilson a drawing from which



"A MUSIC PARTY," BY PHILIPPE MERCIER (1689-1760). FROM THE RICHMOND EXHIBITION COMES THIS GROUP OF THE UNFORTUNATE FREDERICK, PRINCE OF WALES, AND HIS SISTERS PLAYING BEFORE THE DUTCH HOUSE AT KEW.

Reproduced by permission of the National Portrait Gallery.

LOCAL exhibitions are sometimes too narrow to be of more than local interest. But many places have a rich historical background made the richer by visual records of high quality, and none more so than Richmond, loved by Royalty more than four-and-a-half centuries ago and possessed of a river prospect which has attracted all the best painters and all the best people ever since. From all this the borough council, thanks to the resources of its own library and the generosity of many owners headed by H.M. the Queen, has arranged an exhibition entitled "Historic Richmond," which holds the balance neatly between mere history and æsthetics. Maybe a few items have been dragged in on rather flimsy grounds. A model of *Cutty Sark* is there because her owner, Captain John Willis, lived on Richmond Hill for over thirty years—but it's nice to see her, none the less, if only to be reminded to go downstream to Greenwich and pay our respects to the ship herself. Only specialists will be able to appreciate the violin and violoncello bows made by John Dodd, the greatest of English bowmakers, who lived in Kew (Kew is within the borough boundaries), and died, poor man, a pauper in Richmond.

The documents range far and wide—letters from Cardinal Newman—in one of them he remembers lying in bed at the age of five looking at the candles put in the window in celebration of Trafalgar; a Richmond playbill in which Mrs. Jordan, mistress of the Duke of Clarence, afterwards William IV, appears in the cast for a production of "A Trip to Scarborough," and the original manuscript of "The Young Visitors," by Daisy Ashford, that enchanting book by a girl of nine beginning, "Mr Salteena was an elderly man of 42 . . ." which I remember very well when it was first published in 1919; the know-alls assured us that no child could possibly have written it and that it must be by Sir James Barrie. This has been lent by the author herself. Baroness Orczy gets into the show because her hero the Scarlet Pimpernel and his wife, Lady Blakeney, lived in Richmond. And what an extraordinary sidelight upon the civilisation of the West, here is a Japanese translation of "The Scarlet Pimpernel," which, we are gravely informed in the catalogue, was the first foreign book authorised for publication by General MacArthur when he became Supreme Commander of the Allied Powers in Japan. With all English literature to choose from! But intriguing though such exhibits as these are—and one can linger over them indefinitely—the show derives its authority from a few first-class paintings and drawings and many minor works of real distinction.

Obviously the main reason for the existence of Richmond to a painter—or, for that matter, to the humblest topographical draughtsman—is the river and the hill and the bridge, and here the help of many admirable loans, including a painting by Turner (much in need of attention) of the year 1808, lent by the Tate Gallery, and one of Sir Joshua Reynolds' rare excursions in landscape, also from the Tate—interesting if hardly inspired.

A. Letchford. The Burton family lived for a time at Maids of Honour Row and Richard attended a school on the green where, he said, he suffered much and learnt nothing except how to use his fists. Another exhibit is the letter he wrote to his father-in-law when he married . . . "I have committed a highway robbery by marrying your daughter Isabel. . . ." I have just noted that this year is a Richmond centenary of some note. The bridge—and what a beautiful bridge it is—became free of toll on March 10, 1859, on the death of the last surviving tontine shareholder. (The cost was £26,000, of which £20,000 was raised by the sale of tontine shares of £100 each, repaid as an annuity during the lifetime of the holder.) There is the Public Notice announcing the event in one of the show-cases, and particulars of a share in the bridge.

"A Music Party," by Philippe Mercier, comes from the National Portrait Gallery and is given a place of honour—an intriguing and oddly charming painting with Kew Palace (The Dutch House) in the background, and in the foreground four of the children of George II making music—Frederick, Prince of Wales, and his three sisters, Anne, Caroline and Amelia. A replica of Reynolds' official portrait of Frederick's son, George III, hangs over the chair of His Worship the Mayor, facing this open-air conversation piece. Not for the first time I found myself wondering how anyone ever managed to ascribe any painting by Philippe Mercier to Watteau; I'm told that was not by any means unusual a century or so ago. There is a portrait of Frederick lent by H.M. the Queen—a drawing in *sanguine* by Bernard Baron (1696-c. 1762) after Vanloo, and the catalogue obligingly quotes the famous and bitterly cruel verses put about by the Jacobites after his death, beginning:

Here lies Fred  
Who was alive and is  
dead.  
Had it been his father  
I had much rather

and ending:  
But since 'tis only Fred  
Who was alive and is  
dead  
There's no more to be  
said.

We were a nasty lot two centuries ago, but not squeamish.

I would not dare to make a choice among the drawings, whether merely topographical or of more than ordinary artistic interest. One of them, from the Oppé Collection, fairly well known from other exhibitions, is remarkable both for size (1 ft. by 3 ft.) and for quality—"Richmond Reach," a view looking diagonally across the

river, by that wonderfully gifted amateur William Taverner (1703-72). There is a historically important drawing dated 1562 of Richmond Palace (demolished at the end of the 17th century), three very nice things by William Marlow and many delightful drawings by unidentified or scarcely known people—"Petersham Church," for example, by James Bourne; "Kew Gardens," by George Hilditch. Among the 19th- and 20th-century paintings are several by Philip Connard (he was fascinated by the river), a sentimental but, as painting goes, wonderfully subtle picture of two girls dressed as chefs for a fancy dress party by Charles Shannon, and a surprising clumsy portrait of Miss Braddon by no less a person than W. P. Frith—the Frith of Derby Day.



"THE PAGODA AT KEW," BY RICHARD WILSON (1714-1782). A CHARMING STUDY OF THE RIVER IN THE "HISTORIC RICHMOND" EXHIBITION WHICH IS DISCUSSED BY FRANK DAVIS ON THIS PAGE. WILSON WAS A FRIEND OF SIR WILLIAM CHAMBERS WHO DESIGNED THE PAGODA.

From the collection of Mrs. Geoffrey Hart.

the painting was made earlier. The answer to that would seem to be that Wilson could easily have painted in the Pagoda in half an hour; one more example of the way in which art historians create non-existent difficulties for themselves. Among numerous portraits Gainsborough, not unnaturally, out-paints all others with his version of himself lent by Mr. Hugh Agnew. He is here by virtue of his burial in Kew churchyard next to his friend Kirby, Clerk of the Works at Kew Palace: Queen Mary I is eligible in a sad portrait by Mor, because she spent her honeymoon at Richmond Palace; and here are the redoubtable Isabel and Richard Burton, two portraits painted by the Frenchman Desanges in 1861 as a wedding present, and Sir Richard Burton in the disguise in which he went to Mecca in 1853, painted by



# THE DAVIES LOAN COLLECTION, NOW ON EXHIBITION IN THE NATIONAL MUSEUM OF WALES.



"THE SHEPHERDESS," BY ANTON MAUVE (1838-1888). A CHARMING PASTORAL SCENE BY THE 19TH-CENTURY DUTCH PAINTER WHO FOUND HIS INSPIRATION IN RENDERING THE ATMOSPHERE OF THE RURAL LIFE OF HOLLAND. (Oil on panel: 12 by 20 ins.)



"FAMILLE DE PAYSANS," AN UNFINISHED PAINTING BY JEAN FRANCOIS MILLET (1814-1875). ONE OF HIS FAMOUS STUDIES OF PEASANT LIFE. (Oil on canvas: 43 by 32 ins.)



"MRS. TODD OF DRYGRANGE," BY HENRY RAEBURN (1756-1823). A FINE PORTRAIT OF A STERN BUT MATRONLY SITTER BY THE SCOTTISH ARTIST. (Oil on canvas: 30 by 25 ins.)



"THE FORTUNE TELLER," BY ANTONIO MANCINI (1852-1931). A GLIMPSE INTO THE SUPERSTITIONS OF HIS COUNTRY BY A NEAPOLITAN PAINTER. (Oil on canvas: 24 by 39 ins.)



"LE COUP DE VENT," BY JEAN FRANCOIS MILLET (1814-1875). ANOTHER PAINTING BY THIS ARTIST IN THE DAVIES LOAN COLLECTION. (Oil on canvas: 36 by 48 ins.)



"THE ADORATION OF THE MAGI," BY GERBRANDT VAN DEN EECKHOUT (1621-1674). A PAINTING STRONGLY INFLUENCED BY REMBRANDT. (Oil on canvas: 19 by 24 ins.)

An interesting collection of thirteen pictures has been placed on loan in the National Museum of Wales, Cardiff, by their owner, Miss Margaret Davies, LL.D., of Gregynog. They join there the collection of works of art that were bequeathed in 1951 by her sister, the late Miss Gwendoline Davies, C.H.,

and many others that were given previously by her sister and herself. The paintings apart from those shown here, include a Van Dyck grisaille, a Hals portrait and works by Lawrence and Turner. The pictures will be exhibited together for several weeks before they are dispersed among other pictures.





## THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



### THE EVERLASTING TAPIR.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

**T**APIRS are classified between the rhinoceroses on the one hand and the horses and zebras on the other. Linnæus, the great Swedish botanist, who gave us the foundations of our modern biological classifications 200 years ago, regarded them as a kind of land hippopotamus, but then he certainly knew even less about them than we do to-day. They are about the size of a donkey, but with shorter legs, stoutly built, almost tailless, with four front toes and three hind toes, and the snout is prolonged as a short trunk. They have long served as a classic example of discontinuous distribution, for there is one species in South-East Asia, the Malayan tapir, and there are several species in South and Central America. All are forest-dwelling and water-loving animals, and they are shy and seldom seen. But the main interest always is that two animals, the Malayan and the American, should be so alike yet live so far apart. The Malayan tapir ranges from Tenasserim and southern Siam through the Malayan Peninsula to Sumatra, and there have been rumours of tapirs in Borneo. It has the foreparts and the limbs black and the rest of the body white. It is a striking pattern but one which, we are told, is inconspicuous so long as the animal is in its natural habitat. Completely black individuals have been recorded from South-East Sumatra, but whether these are melanistic individuals or a distinct race is not easy to say.

The commonest of the American species is the Brazilian tapir, living in the lowland forests. Further west, in the Andes of Colombia, Ecuador and Peru, at heights of 14,000 ft., is the mountain tapir. This one seems to be scarce and little is known about it. There are two further species: Baird's tapir, ranging from Mexico to Panama, and Dow's tapir in Guatemala, Nicaragua and Costa Rica. All the American species are black or dark brown, but there may be lighter colouring on the head and throat. There is, however, nothing approaching the sharply contrasting pattern of the Malayan tapir.

However, apart from the colouring, the various species of tapir are remarkably alike, and this similarity as well as their remarkable distribution is not so surprising when we recall their past history. Bones of fossil tapirs have been found over Europe and Asia and also North and South America. The earliest of these are some 50,000,000 years old, and many of them, while obviously of the same family, differed from the tapirs of to-day. Nevertheless, there were tapirs very like those we now know in existence some 20,000,000 years ago. When we recall the habits of these animals it is not a little surprising that they should have been so widespread for so long and that any of them should have persisted until now, for of all the large animals of the world they are the most completely defenceless. They are slow and deliberate in their movements, habitually with their snouts near the ground and showing little sign of being on the alert to danger. And when danger is at hand they rush precipitately headlong through whatever cover there may be, and wherever possible taking refuge in water. They have been known, even so, to turn on a pursuer and attack with the teeth or by rushing violently at it, knock it down and trample it. It is more often the female with young that shows this unaccustomed courage.

By any standards a tapir is an odd mixture. Its general form is pig-like, its hind feet recall

those of the rhinoceros, the shape of the ears and head and the close-haired mane resemble those of a wild horse, and then there is the unusual elongated, or trunk-like snout, with a pair of nostrils at its tip. And it is this last feature which is the most interesting.

We are fortunate that at the moment there are several Brazilian tapirs in the Whipsnade Zoo, and on a recent visit there I made some effort to see how this trunk is used. The first surprise was to see the ease with which it is extended and retracted. The animal walks about most of the

The tapirs at Whipsnade were in an unnatural habitat, in an ordinary grass meadow. According to Lydekker: "In Brazil the food of the tapir is largely composed of palm leaves in districts remote from cultivation, but at certain seasons these animals subsist almost exclusively on fallen fruits, while in other districts swamp grasses and water plants form their chief nutriment. In the neighbourhood of plantations they frequently do much harm to the crops of sugar-cane, melons, and the like, and are especially dreaded by the proprietors of cacao plantations for the amount of damage they inflict on the young plants. Salt seems particularly grateful to their palate, and in order to obtain it they will eat the saline earth found in many parts of South America."

There is in this a hint that the tapir is a gourmet among herbivores, able to use a wide variety of foods and having a discriminating palate. Or, not to put too fine a point on it in the absence of more precise information, it is an animal that is living on the vegetable "fat of the land." It is possible to build up a strong case that the most important single factor in the survival of species is an accessible supply of food, and this may be one strong reason why tapirs have survived for so long, even if their range has greatly diminished.

It is also said to be virtually without enemies. Its only enemy in Malaya seems to be the tiger, and in South America the jaguar and the anaconda. More significantly, its flesh is not in demand by the human hunter, although Hegner tells us that (in America): "Their flesh is said to be well flavoured and their thick

hide is used for various purposes for which a heavy, strong leather is needed." Tapirs carry no trophies, no horns or antlers, to tempt the sportsman anxious to decorate the walls of his house. There are no legends about the magical properties of any part of its body, such as there are about the horn of the rhinoceros, for example. And their main danger, and that only of recent date, is that the replacement of the evergreen jungle by commercial plantations may cause them to disappear except in closed reserves. This danger is more acute in Malaya than in America.

On the whole, therefore, the tapir has many advantages favouring its survival until now, in spite of its lack of defensive weapons. But I am inclined to suspect that its trunk-like proboscis has contributed as much as anything to its survival. As one watches this in action

there is not only an air about it of high sensitiveness, but it seems almost to be acting independently of the rest of the body. It may, in fact, be a highly efficient sentinel, constantly sampling the air in all directions even while searching for food, as it twists and turns in all directions, restlessly, with wide-open nostrils, and only going out of action during the brief moments as the muzzle is plunged forward into the vegetation to take food. When, therefore, we speak of it as shy, we ought perhaps to say instead that it is highly sensitive to its environment and quick to make its escape. And this may be the main reason why tapirs, although of such long lineage and now so widely separated geographically, have undergone so little change: they are so well adapted to life that there is no need for change. If so, the secret may well lie in this short but extraordinary trunk.



A BRAZILIAN TAPIR IN WHIPSNADE ZOO: ITS MOST OUTSTANDING FEATURE IS THE HIGHLY MOBILE AND VERY SENSITIVE TRUNK-LIKE PROBOSCIS WHICH, DR. BURTON SUSPECTS, HAS "CONTRIBUTED AS MUCH AS ANYTHING TO ITS SURVIVAL."



TWO TAPIRS FEEDING: IN THE ONE ON THE RIGHT THE TRUNK IS EXTENDED TO SEARCH THE GROUND, WHILE IN THE OTHER, THE TRUNK IS WITHDRAWN INTO THE SNOUT, LEAVING THE MOUTH CLEAR FOR GRAZING. ALTHOUGH "OF ALL THE LARGE ANIMALS IN THE WORLD, THEY ARE THE MOST COMPLETELY DEFENCELESS," THEY HAVE THE MOST REMARKABLE CAPACITY FOR SURVIVAL. (Photographs by Jane Burton.)

time exploring the ground with it, and up to a point there is nothing more in this than any other animal using its nostrils to find food. Close observation shows, however, that there is a marked difference. To begin with, the trunk is very mobile. It can be turned from one side to another, stretched out and withdrawn, so that the tapir can explore a piece of ground of about a foot diameter without moving the rest of the head. Moreover, because the trunk is so mobile, the nostrils can be applied to the ground at any point within the circle, and it may be supposed that this gives a very thorough examination of every inch of the ground covered. Then, when something is found that is worth eating, the snout is pressed into vegetation and the trunk is rapidly withdrawn, appearing almost to disappear into the muzzle. And as the head is again lifted the trunk is once more extended to continue searching.



# RESEARCH FOR BRITAIN'S FIRST ROBOT LIGHTHOUSE: THE NEW EQUIPMENT AT DUNGENESS.



SIDE BY SIDE WITH AN ORDINARY 60-WATT BULB: THE POWERFUL NEW XENON LAMP, WHICH IS FILLED WITH XENON GAS AND GIVES A HALF-MILLION CANDLEPOWER BEAM.



FOR THE DETECTION OF FOG: THE APPARATUS—INVENTED AND DEVELOPED BY TRINITY HOUSE RESEARCH DEPARTMENT—WHICH PROJECTS A SEARCHLIGHT BEAM OF MODULATED LIGHT.



SMALLER BUT FAR MORE POWERFUL: THE NEW LAMP (SEEN IN THE OPENING, TOP LEFT) WHICH GIVES THREE TIMES THE LIGHT OF THE OLD LANTERN TO THE RIGHT.



A FOG SIGNAL IN THE FORM OF A BANK OF PUBLIC ADDRESS SPEAKERS. THIS TYPE OF APPARATUS, WHICH PRODUCES A DISTINCTIVE WARNING SIGNAL, WOULD BE BUILT INTO THE NEW LIGHTHOUSE.



WITH ITS TINY—BUT POWERFUL—NEW LIGHT FITTED OVER THE OLD: THE MODERNISED LIGHT.

THE research being carried out at Dungeness by Trinity House—the general lighthouse authority for England and Wales—has been given new interest by the Government's decision to build a nuclear power station there. When completed, the new station would screen the high light from the present lighthouse, from the sea, to the south-west and the new lighthouse to be constructed will embody the latest, highly-developed equipment which has been adapted to the old lighthouse, and which is illustrated above. The new lighthouse, to be built on the site of the existing low lighthouse, will have automatic features. It is envisaged that it will eventually run unattended. Trinity House have developed electronic apparatus for controlling completely all the operations of the lighthouse, including switching on of the main light and automatic operation of the fog signal by the fog detector. The fog signal, although running on only 3 kilowatts, has been heard as far as eight miles out to sea.



A STRONG GUIDING BEAM FOR MARINERS: THE NEW LAMP, FITTED OVER THE OLD, PROJECTING ITS CONCENTRATED LIGHT OVER THE DARK SEAS.



## UNUSUAL PHOTOGRAPHS—No. 5: A BABY DEER STROLLING IN THE BRONX.



A DELICATE PET: A SIKI DEER BROUGHT UP BY A NIGHT WATCHMAN OF THE BRONX ZOO.

The Sika or Japanese deer is found only in Japan and Manchuria. This lovely young example of the breed was born in the children's zoo of the Bronx Zoo, in New York. His mother died in giving birth to him and fortunately a night-watchman at the zoo, Gilbert Stratton, took him home when only nine hours old. He was nursed with love and assiduity and thrives on a diet of evaporated

milk. He has become a great pet in his master's household, goes for walks in the street, is said to watch television and bears the name *Bambi* because of his likeness to Walt Disney's creation. The Sika is related to the true deer but has smaller and simpler antlers. Summer brings it an extra beauty, as the coat is spotted with cream markings.



# PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK:



**A WELL-KNOWN ACTOR: THE LATE MR. EDMUND GWENN.** Mr. Edmund Gwenn, who died in Los Angeles on September 6, at the age of eighty-one, was well known for his performances on stage, screen and television. Playing mainly in "benevolent" character parts, he won an Academy award for his portrayal of Santa Claus in "The Miracle of 34th Street" in 1946.



**A GREAT COMEDIENNE: THE LATE MISS KAY KENDALL.** Miss Kay Kendall, who died tragically early at the age of thirty-two in London on September 6 from leukaemia, was especially noted for her performances in comedy films. She first appeared in "London Town" at the age of eighteen and scored her first success in "Genevieve." She married Mr. Rex Harrison in 1957.



**THE DISCOVERER OF TWO NEW COMETS: AN AMATEUR ASTRONOMER, MR. GEORGE ALCOCK, WITH HIS TELESCOPE.** Mr. George Alcock, forty-seven, an amateur astronomer who is a schoolteacher near Peterborough, made the discovery of two new comets on August 25 and 29. He has no observatory and uses a 105-mm. binocular telescope in his garden. Subject to confirmation at the Copenhagen clearing house the comets will bear his name.

# PEOPLE AND EVENTS IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



**A BRITISH PRISONER IN EGYPT EXPECTING RELEASE.** Mr. James Swinburn, fifty-three, who was sentenced to five years' imprisonment in 1957 for alleged espionage, by the Egyptian Government, may be released under an amnesty celebrating the 7th anniversary of the Egyptian Revolution. He is shown here in his Cairo jail. The other Briton, Mr. Zarb, will not be released.



**NEXT BRITISH ASSOCIATION PRESIDENT: SIR G. THOMSON.** At this year's meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science Sir George Thomson, F.R.S., Master of Corpus Christi, Cambridge, was unanimously elected President for 1960. Sir George Thomson, who won the Nobel Prize for Physics in 1937, played a big part in the discovery of the electron.



**WINNERS OF THE 24TH R.A.C. TOURIST TROPHY: (L. TO R.) C. SHELBY, STIRLING MOSS, R. SALVADORI, AND D. BROWN.** The 24th R.A.C. Tourist Trophy race, held at Goodwood on September 5, was won by an Aston Martin. When in the lead the No. 1 car caught fire at the pits, Roy Salvadori having a narrow escape. Stirling Moss took over the Shelby-Fairman No. 2 car and drove on to win.



**WITH HIS SUCCESSOR: LORD ROWALLAN (LEFT)—TO RETIRE AFTER FIFTEEN YEARS AS CHIEF SCOUT—WITH SIR CHARLES MACLEAN.** Lord Rowallan, the retiring Chief Scout, who has been appointed Governor of Tasmania, officially handed over his duties to his successor, Sir Charles Maclean, at a week-end camp at Gilwell Park, Chingford, Essex. The investiture was attended by 2000 Scout leaders, who heard Lord Rowallan make his farewell.



**WINNERS OF THE 1500 METRES RACE IN MOSCOW: B. HEWSON (NO. 3) AND D. IBBOTSON.** Although Great Britain's men and women were defeated by 129 to 95 points and by 76 to 41 points respectively in the recent match against Russia, the British men did well in the track events, winning the 100, 400, 800, 1500 and 5000 metres races.



**THE WINNER OF "THE SPHERE" CHALLENGE CUP: MR. D. J. HAYMAN, SEEN HOLDING THE TROPHY WITH, ON HIS LEFT, MR. CHARLES SNELLING, C.B.E., THE CHAIRMAN OF ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS LTD.** OUR PICTURE SHOWS THE SCENE AT THE ROYAL MID-SURREY GOLF CLUB ON SEPTEMBER 4, WHERE THE ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS INVITATION GOLF MEETING WAS HELD. MR. HAYMAN WON THE CUP WITH A NET SCORE OF 69.



**TRIUMPHANT IN A FLOWER SHOW: MISS AGATHA CHRISTIE, AND HER GARDENER, MR. F. LAVIN, WITH SOME OF THE PRIZES WON AT BRIXHAM.** Miss Agatha Christie, the world-famous detective novel writer and wife of Professor M. E. L. Mallowan, excelled in yet another sphere when she swept the board at the annual show of the Brixham Horticultural Society. Miss Christie, with her gardener, Mr. Frank Lavin—to whom she attributes the success—won eighteen first, six second, and three third prizes.





THE BRISTOL/FERRANTI **BLOODHOUND**: A SLEEK MISSILE WHICH HAS BEEN DELIVERED TO THE R.A.F. AND IS SHOWN IN THEIR STATIC EXHIBITION.



ANOTHER GUIDED MISSILE: THE ENGLISH ELECTRIC **THUNDERBIRD**, INTENDED FOR THE ARMY'S STANDARD HIGH- AND LOW-LEVEL AIR DEFENCE WEAPON.



THE SHORT **SEACAT** ON SHOW FOR THE FIRST TIME: A MISSILE DESIGNED TO REPLACE CLOSE-RANGE ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUNS OF THE ROYAL NAVY.



A FOLLAND **GNAT** TRAINER, WITH (BEHIND) A FOLLAND **GNAT** FIGHTER. THEY ARE ARRIVING AT FARNBOROUGH FOR THE S.B.A.C. FLYING DISPLAY AND EXHIBITION.



THE NAPIER ICING RESEARCH **LINCOLN** SEEN IN THE AIR ON ARRIVAL. THE EXHIBITION LASTS FROM SEPTEMBER 7 TO SEPTEMBER 13.



**BLACK KNIGHT**, THE JOINT DEVELOPMENT OF THE R.A.E. AND SAUNDERS-ROE.



ONE OF THE CHIEF ATTRACTIONS: THE SAUNDERS-ROE **HOVERCRAFT**, MANNED BY MEN OF THE ROYAL MARINES, DEMONSTRATING ITS AIR CUSHION.

THE "BOMBHELL" MANŒUVRE: A DAZZLING DISPLAY BY NO. 111 SQUADRON IN ONE OF THE MOST SPECTACULAR MOMENTS OF THIS WEEK'S FARNBOROUGH SHOW.



A CUTAWAY RAMJET ENGINE. THE RAMJET WAS FITTED TO AN EARLY VERSION OF THE BRISTOL/FERRANTI **BLOODHOUND** GUIDED MISSILE.



AN AIRLINER FOR USE AS A FREIGHTER OR PASSENGER AIRCRAFT: THE ARMSTRONG WHITWORTH **ARGOSY** FREIGHTER-COACH WHICH HAS BEEN ADOPTED BY THE R.A.F. AS A TACTICAL FREIGHTER.



THE FAIREY **CANET** EARLY WARNING MARK 4 ON ARRIVAL. IT IS FITTED WITH A RADAR DOME BENEATH, WHICH JUSTIFIES ITS NAME.



A STUDY IN LIGHT AND SHADE: THE DART **HERALD** DRESSED IN THE NEW B.E.A. LIVERY WHICH IS APPEARING AT FARNBOROUGH FOR THE FIRST TIME.



A STRIKING HEAD-ON VIEW OF THE ENGLISH ELECTRIC **LIGHTNING**: A TWO-SEATER TRAINER WITH ITS RESHAPED FUSELAGE.

#### NOTABLE EXHIBITS AT THIS YEAR'S FARNBOROUGH: THE SOCIETY OF

The twentieth flying display and exhibition of the Society of British Aircraft Constructors began this year at Farnborough, Hants, on Monday, September 7. A record number of 376 exhibitors entered this year as compared with last year's record figure of 352. This reflects the flourishing state of the industry, which in

the first seven months of this year exported £100,000,000 worth of aircraft, aero-engines, parts and components. This is especially the year of British rockets, nine types of which are shown, ranging from the big *Black Knight* to the little anti-tank missiles and the new anti-aircraft defences. *Black Knight*

#### BRITISH AIRCRAFT CONSTRUCTORS' ANNUAL

is a two-stage research rocket which has been jointly developed by the Royal Aircraft Establishment and Saunders-Roe. *Bloodhound*, which has already been delivered to the R.A.F. and has been ordered by Sweden, can also be seen there; it is claimed to have the longest range of any "semi-active homing"

#### REVIEW OF AIRCRAFT.

missile in the free world. The Short *Seacat* missile is designed to replace the 40-mm. close-range anti-aircraft guns of the Royal Navy. The "Bombshell" manoeuvre is performed by the "Black Arrow" team of No. 111 Squadron. The S.B.A.C. Show will be dealt with fully in our issue of September 19.



# PUT UP FOR AUCTION: STANWELL PLACE, THE HOME OF THE LATE KING FEISAL.



SEEN FROM THE DRIVE: THE LATE KING FEISAL'S HOUSE, STANWELL PLACE, WHICH CONTAINS MANY VALUABLE WORKS OF ART.



THE LOUNGE AT STANWELL PLACE: A VIEW OF A BEAUTIFULLY-FURNISHED ROOM WHOSE CONTENTS HAVE BEEN PUT UP FOR AUCTION.



ONCE THE PROPERTY OF KING FEISAL OF IRAQ: A VIEW OF THE FINE SITTING-ROOM, WHOSE CONTENTS WERE PUT UP FOR AUCTION ON SEPTEMBER 8.



A CAR WHICH WAS NEVER USED: THE ROLLS-ROYCE, TO BE EXHIBITED IN THE SHOWROOMS OF HOOPER AND CO., THE COACH-BUILDERS.



IN A BEDROOM—ONE OF FOURTEEN—AT THE LATE KING'S RESIDENCE NEAR STAINES: SOME PROSPECTIVE BUYERS EXAMINING THE CONTENTS.



SPREAD WITH GLASS AND CHINA: THE LONG TABLE IN THE DINING-ROOM WHERE MANY VISITORS PONDER THE OBJECTS WHICH MAY ATTRACT THEIR BIDS.

Stanwell Place, which was the English country home of King Feisal of Iraq, who was murdered in the revolution of July last year, was arranged to be sold together with its contents on September 8. The house, which is near Staines, Middlesex, was the late King's residence during his many years in this country. His assets, including the house, are being realised by the Public Trustee to

make distribution easier. His Rolls-Royce *Phantom Mark IV*, which he never used, was to have been auctioned, but now a private sale is proposed for it. The Royal cyphers will be removed before another owner is found. The house contained a large number of valuable carpets and furnishings. Many of its contents were presents from the Royal family.



## THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF ARTS MURALS.



CLEANING ONE OF BARRY'S GREAT MURALS IN THE LECTURE HALL OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF ARTS. THE RESULTS, SO FAR, ARE CONSIDERED OUTSTANDING.



"THE DISTRIBUTION OF PREMIUMS," ONE OF THE SIX PAINTINGS WHICH HAVE NOW BEEN CLEANED AND RESTORED. THEY WERE PAINTED BETWEEN 1777 AND 1783.



"ELYSIUM," ONE OF THE LARGEST OF THE PAINTINGS—FULL OF PORTRAITS OF BENEFACTORS OF MANKIND—AND SHOWING, CENTRE, A SECTION WHICH HAS BEEN TEST-CLEANED.

ANYONE who has ever attended a lecture in the lecture hall of the Royal Society of Arts in John Adam Street, off the Strand, must have been impressed with the splendid murals which entirely surround the great room. These were painted by James Barry (1741-1806), who offered to paint the walls free if the Society would provide canvas, paint and models. The Society, however, awarded him 250 guineas and a gold medal and allowed him to keep the proceeds when the pictures were thrown open to the public. When Barry died his body lay in state beneath the pictures before his burial in St. Paul's. These murals are now in the course of being cleaned and restored.

## THE CHELSEA AUTUMN ANTIQUES FAIR.

OWING to the possibility of an October General Election, the ninth Autumn Antiques Fair at Chelsea Town Hall is opening on September 23, a fortnight earlier than in previous years; and it is to be opened by Lord and Lady Montagu of Beaulieu. All articles (with the exception of bijouterie and carpets, which must have been made before 1851) will have been made before 1830—and are for sale. The "Under Five Pound" stand, which was such a success when it was started last year, is again to play a prominent part. The fair closes on October 3.



AN EXHIBIT AT THE NINTH AUTUMN ANTIQUES FAIR AT CHELSEA TOWN HALL: A CHARLES I LEATHER-COVERED OAK COFFER (c. 1640) ON A CONTEMPORARY STAND.



A BARBER'S CHAIR IN MAHOGANY OF THE CHIPPENDALE PERIOD, WITH FINELY-CARVED SPLATS, c. 1760.



A SMALL EARLY 18TH-CENTURY FRENCH WALNUT CUPBOARD WHICH PROBABLY CAME FROM GASCONY. THE SMALL SIZE IS VERY UNUSUAL.



ST. JEROME IN A FLEMISH PANEL PAINTING BY THE MASTER MARINUS VAN ROMERSWALE (1497-1567). THIS IS EXHIBITED BY THE CHILTERN ART GALLERY.





# THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.



## PROMISE AND PERFORMANCE

By J. C. TREWIN.

THE programme and the advertisements of an American play at the Adelphi Theatre spell its name like this, "a raisin in the sun," without capital letters. I cannot think why: this was the plan a few years ago with a comedy elsewhere, a conventional Broadway flutter called (on the posters) "the seven-year itch." It is a typographical caprice that can only exasperate: I think of it as a brand of mock-modesty that somehow lowers the value of the play.

However, the point is small, and there need be no modesty at the Adelphi: "A Raisin in the Sun" (however you set out the title) won the award of New York drama critics as the best play of the season. Possibly this was a tribute to the first Negro woman dramatist, Lorraine Hansberry, to have a Broadway run; her theme is more immediately exciting in New York than it is over here, where the piece comes to us as just another family anecdote, one that takes its title from what seems to me to be a rather dreary poem by Langston Hughes: "What happens to a dream deferred? Does it dry up like a raisin in the sun?..."

This said, I have to agree that the play has its touching passages. It is a very simple business, about the tensions in a Negro household in Chicago, and a family's final resolve to challenge racial prejudice and to settle in a previously all-white district. What will happen to them there we are left to imagine. At one point I found myself, quite wildly, thinking of Mama, the family matriarch, as a kind of Volumnia, and of her son Walter as a stubborn Coriolanus. (But the analogy melts almost as soon as it is born.) "A Raisin in the Sun" might be much stronger if it were two-thirds, or even half, the length; if its repetitions were severely pruned; and if its cast had learned the value of repose. Two players had done so, Kim Hamilton and Juanita Moore, and I think of them with respect: some of the others worked so hard that it tired one to observe them. On the whole I might have liked this better if it had not been introduced so sternly as a major work, and if the cast had not sought so tirelessly to put in every comma.

If "A Raisin in the Sun" promised more than it performed, Congreve's "The Double-Dealer," now at the Old Vic, performs more than it promises. I met this revival during the Edinburgh Festival. The play had not been done in the West End since 1916, and then only in a club production. Critically, it is held to be a minor Congreve: indeed, I went to the Edinburgh revival expecting that it would have a mild collector's interest, little else. I was wildly, entirely wrong. The comedy was more genuinely comic than any Restoration play I recalled. If it lacked the ultimate graces of wit and style, it lacked nothing at all in zest and invention, it was by no means without wit, and the Old Vic production was rich enough to grace Waterloo Road for many months.

I must write of it, with pleasure, in the present tense. Let me say then that Michael Benthall has directed the antic round with swift ingenuity, and that though everyone is always eavesdropping on everyone else, it can appear in this setting (Desmond Heeley's), and under this direction, to be perfectly natural. I

do not believe for a moment that these characters have had any life before the play, or that they will have any afterwards, but that does not matter in the slightest. The people are simply set down here for our pleasure, christened by such names as Maskwell, Froth, Brisk, and Plyant, and impersonated by players who enjoy every idiosyncrasy. First, I cheer Miles Malleeson as a "foolish old knight." He manages to look facially like a classic sculptor's idea of an animated sheep, and to



SIR PAUL PLYANT (MILES MALLESON) AND LADY TOUCHWOOD (URSULA JEANS) IN A SCENE FROM CONGREVE'S "THE DOUBLE-DEALER," WHICH HAS MOVED TO THE OLD VIC FROM EDINBURGH.

John Trewin writes of this lesser-known play of Congreve's: "I must confess I have enjoyed it as much as any comedy of the period." (First night, September 7.)

Moyra Fraser as the *précieuse* with stars in her eyes; Joss Ackland as a solemn pudding of a coxcomb; Ursula Jeans as the dagger that is Lady Touchwood; Donald Houston as Maskwell, a Congrevean Joseph Surface—we can see throughout that Sheridan enjoyed this play—and John Justin as the hero in turmoil: there you have a play fitted, and even then I have not mentioned several who have their agreeable positions in this Restoration dance. I must confess that I have enjoyed it as much as any comedy of the period: it may lack the style of the major Congreve or the breadth of some of the other dramatists; but it has a crazy joy in life that I find infinitely and unexpectedly attractive. Performance here is far beyond promise.

It is not so with "Breakspair in Gascony," Eric Linklater's comedy at the Gateway, Edinburgh. This turned out to be an almost perfect example of the "study play" that fails to move on the stage. We are in the Middle Ages, at a Gascon castle; we hear some eloquent discussions of matters religious, military and domestic; the language is beautifully balanced—and in the theatre the play never begins to move. All (to my surprise) is static and dull. Maybe in Edinburgh the performance by the Perth repertory company was to blame: it was honest but uninspiring, and only David Steuart as the Gascon seneschal, and Graham Roberts as a drily matter-of-fact hangman, persuaded me for a second that they were filling out Linklater's people.

My last words this week are in salute to a great man of the theatre who has never failed the British stage: Sir Barry Jackson has reached his eightieth birthday, and there will be delight wherever his work for the drama is known and honoured—in most places, that is, with any kind of civilised theatre. His taste, style, enthusiasm, perception are unimpaired. Birmingham, London, Malvern, Stratford-upon-Avon: the tale of Sir Barry's work is as exciting as it is long, and there is more to come.

At Edinburgh now his Birmingham Repertory Theatre has been showing what the company can do with the double bill of "Gammer Gurton's Needle" (the Tudor farce by a "Master S," unknown) and the Poel rediscovery, "Fratricide Punished." I discussed the main piece, "Fratricide," in *The Illustrated London News* when it was done at Birmingham last year: it has come

up splendidly at Edinburgh, under Bernard Hepton's direction, as an almost gibberingly solemn précis of the "Hamlet" story, run up first by English "strollers" in Germany during the 1590's, and full of blissful and egregious short-cuts. This makes the second half of an evening that begins with the restoration of "Gammer": a rough farce, crude and bouncing (but based on rules Terence might have recognised) that is a curiosity no one with any feeling for the history of our theatre can ignore. It is hard to do, but the Birmingham cast (now back at its own repertory theatre) enjoys itself, and Paul Shelving's set of a village street, capped on all sides by tails and locks and plaits of drooping thatch, could hardly be more blissfully decorative.



MEMBERS OF THE BIRMINGHAM REPERTORY COMPANY IN "GAMMER GURTON'S NEEDLE" AT THE LYCEUM THEATRE, EDINBURGH: A LIVELY SCENE FROM PERHAPS THE OLDEST OF ENGLISH COMEDIES.

speak in tones like those of a furiously confidential turkeycock. Never has there been so much rich gobbling and cawing: never has chin drooped like Malleeson's, or eyes popped so constantly.

Add to him such people as Maggie Smith, who attacks her man with passionate concentration;

### OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

- "THE QUIZ KID" (Lyric, Hammersmith).—A musical play. (September 8.)
- "THE ARK" (Westminster).—A play by James Saunders, with Denholm Elliott. (September 9.)
- "THE CROOKED MILE" (Cambridge).—Musical comedy with cast of forty. (September 10.)





AT THE GOLDEN JUBILEE EXHIBITION OF THE LONDON SALON OF PHOTOGRAPHY: "ARE THERE ANY FISH?" AN ENGAGING STUDY OF CHILDHOOD BY DR. WONG WING-CHEE, OF HONG KONG.

The London Salon of Photography had its origin in the Linked Ring, which was formed in 1889 by a group of photographers having purely artistic aims, and its first exhibition of Pictorial Photography was at the Dudley Gallery in 1893. Owing to divergencies of opinion the Ring broke up in 1909 and some of its members formed themselves into a London Salon Club, holding their first exhibition in 1910. This year's exhibition, from which the above is an interesting exhibit, opened at the Galleries of the R.W.S. in Conduit Street, W.1, on September 5, and is open daily (except Sundays) from 10 a.m.

to 6 p.m. until October 3. To mark their Jubilee Year the Salon have inaugurated an award of medals to exhibitors at the London Salon (other than the members themselves) for a creditable number of acceptances of consistently high quality at the Salon in recent years. These awards will be made annually, and the first four recipients are A. E. Brookes, of Sutton Coldfield; John Bell, of Accrington; E. Chambré Hardman, of Liverpool, and H. R. Thornton, of Birmingham. This year's exhibition contains 431 prints by exhibitors from many parts of the world.



## FROM CRICKET—TO A NOVEL FIELD-HEATING APPLIANCE: A MISCELLANY.



COUNTY CRICKET CHAMPIONS OF 1959: THE YORKSHIRE COUNTY CRICKET TEAM WHO BROUGHT SURREY'S RUN OF SEVEN SUCCESSIVE CHAMPIONSHIPS TO AN END.

Thanks to hard hitting by Stott and Padgett (who together scored 141 runs in 61 minutes) which enabled them to beat Sussex in their last match of the season, Yorkshire became County Cricket Champions. In this picture are seen: (back row, l. to r.) J. Birkenshaw, W. B. Stott, M. Ryan, D. Wilson, J. G. Binks, K. Taylor and D. V. Padgett; (front row, l. to r.) F. S. Trueman, D. B. Close, J. R. Burnet (captain), J. V. Wilson, and R. Illingworth.



FIRE AT THE PITS DURING THE R.A.C. TOURIST TROPHY RACE AT GOODWOOD: FIREMEN EXTINGUISHING FLAMES FROM THE NO. 1 ASTON MARTIN WHICH CAUGHT FIRE DURING REFUELLING.

While it was being refuelled by a new method the No. 1 Aston Martin caught fire. Roy Salvadori, who was in the car, leapt out with his clothes alight, and was lucky to escape with minor burns. A fire tender came immediately and stopped the flames from spreading. Stirling Moss then took over the No. 2 car from Carol Shelby and drove brilliantly to win the race. The Aston Martin team covered the 224 laps at an average speed of 89.41 m.p.h.



WITH A HUGE MAGNETIC WEATHER MAP OF THE BRITISH ISLES IN ITS FRONT WINDOW: THE NEW "WEATHER SHOP" IN KINGSWAY, LONDON. At the Meteorological Office's "weather shop" an hour-by-hour chart of weather in Great Britain will be shown in the front window. Special information will be given in a consulting room. It is thought that the "shop" is the first of its kind in the world.



LEAVING SOUTHAMPTON FOR NEW YORK ON HER MAIDEN VOYAGE: THE NEW 37,000-TON HOLLAND-AMERICA LINE FLAGSHIP ROTTERDAM GAILY DRAPED WITH STREAMERS.

*Rotterdam*, the first Atlantic liner without a conventional funnel, left Southampton on September 4 with her Royal passenger, Crown Princess Beatrix, who went to New York to attend the anniversary celebrations of the foundation of the city by the Dutch.



AN AMBUSH IN EAST LONDON: THE SCENE AFTER A SALOON CAR HAD RAMMED A POST OFFICE MAIL VAN IN A FOILED ATTEMPT AT ROBBERY.

A mail van, whose contents were worth more than £1000, was rammed by a car in Bow on September 3. Three hooded men, joined by three others, and armed with coshes and a hammer, attempted to open the doors, but were forced to flee when the driver blew his whistle.



BUILT-IN ELECTRIC HEATING FOR THE RUGBY PITCH AT MURRAYFIELD, EDINBURGH: A VIEW OF THE CABLE 6 INS. UNDER THE SURFACE.

This famous Rugby ground will be the first in the world to have built-in heating to safeguard it from the effects of frost and snow. The installation—which will cost nearly £10,000—will be switched on whenever the temperature falls below 40°.



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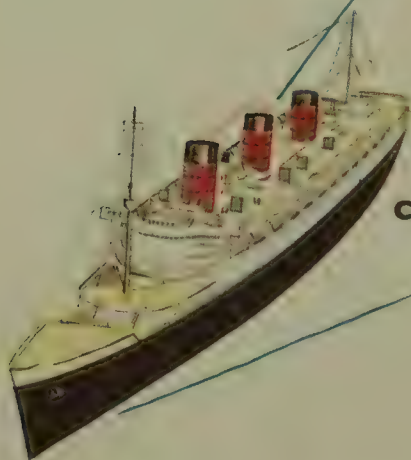
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THE STORMING OF AN EGYPTIAN FORTRESS IN THE SUDAN SOME 3600 YEARS AGO : THE GREAT WEST GATE OF BUHEN, A RECONSTRUCTION BASED ON THE NEWEST DISCOVERIES IN THIS GREAT MIDDLE AND NEW KINGDOM SITE.

This imposing and massive gateway was perhaps the most outstanding feature of the Middle Kingdom fortifications of Buhen, on the Nile, near Wadi Halfa, which Professor W. B. Emery has uncovered in his second series of excavations conducted on behalf of the Egypt Exploration Society; and our artist's drawing

is a reconstruction of the gate about the time it was finally assaulted and captured c. 1675 B.C. A reconstruction of the whole fortress appears on pages 232-233 and an article, with further illustrations, by Professor Emery appears overleaf. In the narrow entry was a drawbridge and a dry moat.

*Specially drawn for "The Illustrated London News" by Alan Sorrell, with the co-operation of Professor W. B. Emery.*



## A MASTER-WORK OF EGYPTIAN MILITARY ARCHITECTURE OF 3900 YEARS AGO: THE GREAT CASTLE OF BUHEN IN THE SUDAN—NEW DISCOVERIES, INCLUDING THE EARLIEST HORSE KNOWN IN EGYPT.

By **WALTER B. EMERY**, *Edwards Professor of Egyptology in the University of London and Director of the excavations at Buhen.*

THE archaeological expedition of the Egypt Exploration Society returned to the Northern Sudan last October to continue the excavation of the Ancient Egyptian fortress of Buhen. In an earlier report (June 21, 1958) readers of *The Illustrated London News* were given an account of the results of the expedition's first season's work and of the reasons for the Egypt Exploration Society's undertaking what will prove to be a major task of archaeological research. Although only a small area of the site was cleared during this initial investigation, sufficient was revealed to encourage us in the belief that here at Buhen was buried an Egyptian fortress town of the Middle Kingdom (2052-1786 B.C.) in a far finer state of preservation than any other previously explored in the Sudan. Our second season's work has fully justified these expectations and has already revolutionised many of our previous conceptions of pharaonic military architecture.

As explained in our previous report, the fortress of Buhen was built in the early Middle Kingdom,

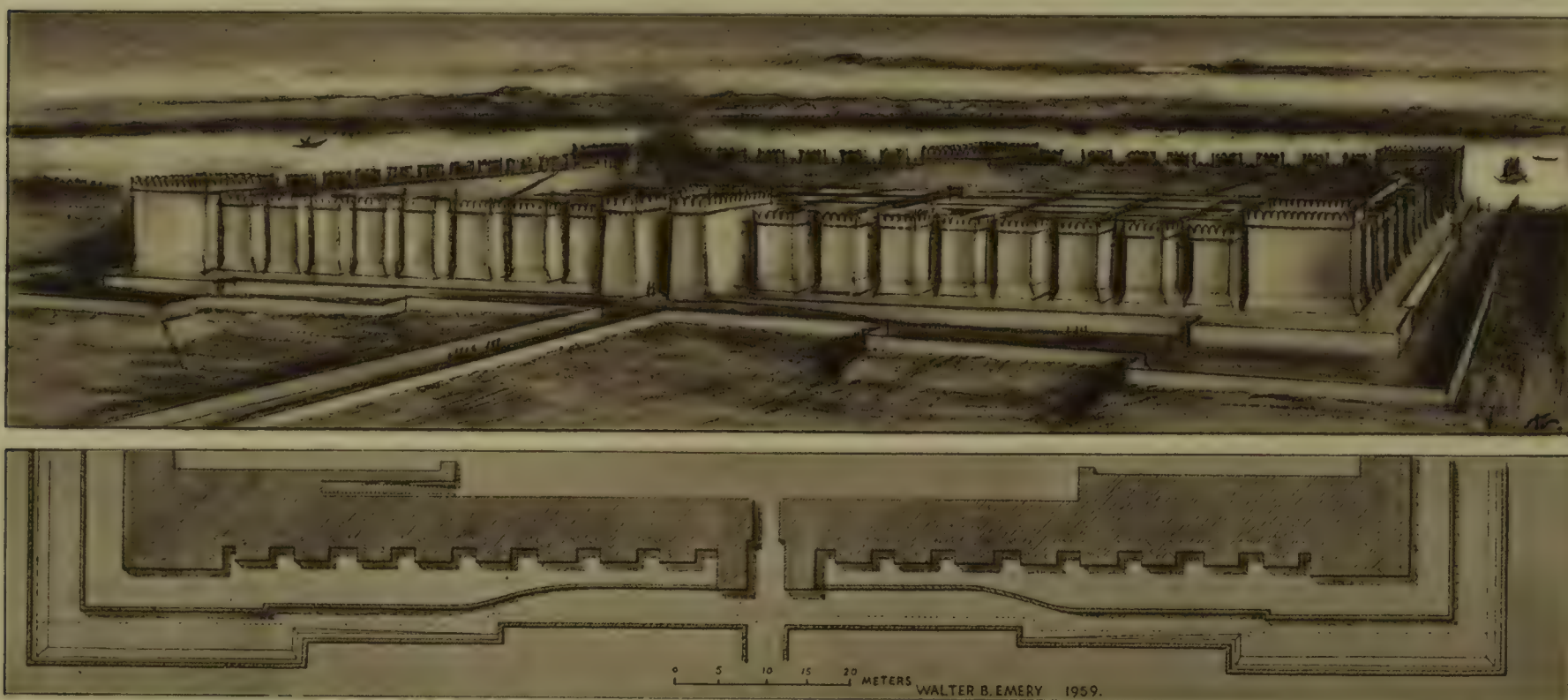
defence system of both periods and to enable us to reconstruct with a considerable degree of accuracy the original appearance of what must be one of the best examples of Egyptian military architecture still preserved.

This elaborate defence system, bearing a striking similarity to that of the Middle Ages, consisted of a massive brick wall 4.8 m. thick and at least 9 m. high, relieved on its outer face at regular intervals with square bastions. The top of the wall is nowhere preserved, but on the basis of ancient Egyptian representations of both the Middle and New Kingdoms date we have assumed that the parapet was formed of rounded mud-brick crenellations and that the bastions and the projecting corners at each end of the wall were raised to a higher level, thus forming towers.

At the foot of the wall was a brick-paved rampart, protected by a loopholed parapet overhanging the scarp of the rock-cut ditch, which was 8.40 m. wide and 6.50 m. deep. The counter-scarp on the other side of the ditch was

defences, including a ditch, had been constructed on a much wider perimeter. The walls and bastions of the Middle Kingdom were also greatly altered by the reconstruction of the New Kingdom, and in order to ascertain the original design, we found it necessary to remove the whole of the later structure. It was in the process of this work of demolition that a most interesting discovery was made: in the recess between the third and fourth bastions of the main wall we found the burial of a horse (Fig. 8), the skeleton lying directly on the brick pavement of the Middle Kingdom rampart. There can be no doubt of its date, for it was covered with a stratified deposit 115 cms. deep on which the brickwork of the New Kingdom reconstruction was laid. Moreover, the bones lay some distance beneath a layer of cinders, remains of the burning of the fortress when it was stormed at a date approximating to 1675 B.C. Although the horse was known in Mesopotamia as early as 2000 B.C., the "Beast from the East," as it was called, does not make its appearance in Egypt until the Eighteenth Dynasty, 1570 B.C., and it was generally considered to have been introduced into the Nile Valley by the Hyksos invaders. It is, therefore, of considerable interest to find remains of this animal, which on sound archaeological evidence can be antedated by probably 200 years.

On the completion of our excavations of the west fortifications on December 12, we turned our attention to the interior of the fortress and commenced the clearance of the north-west area of the town. Here, as test pits dug during the



FIGS. 1 AND 2. THE GREAT EGYPTIAN FORTRESS OF BUHEN, NEAR WADI HALFA IN THE SUDAN, AS IT WAS IN NEW KINGDOM TIMES (1570-1085 B.C.)—IN A RECONSTRUCTION DRAWING BY ALAN SORRELL, AND (BELOW) IN PLAN, AS REVEALED BY PROFESSOR EMERY'S EXCAVATIONS.

This plan and reconstruction should be compared with the plan and reconstruction on pages 232-233, which show the fortress in its first or Middle Kingdom phase (1991-1786 B.C.). Both drawings show the west front, which had an overall length of about 188 yards, while the walls rose to a height of at least 30 ft., at the foot of which was a rock-cut dry ditch about 23 ft. deep. It will be noticed that when the fortifications were rebuilt during the second occupation they were at once simplified and strengthened. The massive west gate was cut

back, the circular bastions were cut down and built over, the ditch was partly filled and converted into a sunk road, and the buttresses of the wall were made more massive. However, during this period outer defences consisting of a deep ditch and perimeter wall with a length of more than a mile were built; and a township grew up between the fortress and the outer defences. These have not yet been systematically excavated—they present an immense task—and in consequence are not shown at all in the reconstruction drawing.

as one of the series of trading posts and strongholds erected by the kings of the Twelfth Dynasty (1991-1786 B.C.) to hold in subjection and defend the strategic area of the Second Cataract dividing Upper and Lower Nubia. For more than 200 years the great fortress remained inviolate, only to be stormed and sacked at a date about 1675 B.C., when Egypt itself was a prey to invasion and unable to defend the outposts of its empire in the Sudan. With the revival of Egyptian military power in the New Kingdom (1570 B.C.), Buhen was reoccupied and its vast fortifications were rebuilt and enlarged, only to be finally destroyed by the Kushite armies at the close of the Twentieth Dynasty in 1085 B.C.

During our previous season's excavations, the exterior of the fortifications at the north-west corner of the town had been cleared, revealing details of the original structure of the Middle Kingdom and the reconstruction during the New Kingdom. This winter we decided to devote the first half of our season to the continuation of this work and to lay bare completely the whole of the west wall, ramparts and dry ditch, which stretch in an unbroken line for 172 metres (pp. 232-233, Figs. 3-5). Between October 25 and December 13 this task, which entailed an immense amount of labour, was accomplished with most rewarding results; for although the southern end of the fortifications was not in such good condition as the central and northern areas, sufficient remained for us to ascertain full details of the design of the

surmounted by a narrow covered-way of brickwork, beyond which was a glacis rising from the natural ground-level. Projecting into the ditch from the scarp were round bastions with double rows of loopholes of the curious type described in our previous report.

The most strongly fortified part of the structure was the great gate (p. 249) built into the wall on the axis of the rectangular town area. Although the upper part had largely been destroyed by the alterations of the New Kingdom, the foundations were well preserved and full information was obtained regarding the system of its defence. We have evidence of great double doors in the gateway through the main wall and of a wooden drawbridge which was pulled back on rollers. The gate and bridge were flanked by two spur walls which extended over the dry ditch, forming a narrow corridor of considerable length through which an attacking force would have to battle its way exposed to a rain of missiles from the battlements on three sides. Nevertheless, we know that at the end of the Middle Kingdom it was successfully stormed, for it is in the area of the gate that the evidence of destruction by fire is most evident.

When the ruined fortress was reoccupied by the Egyptians in the New Kingdom (Fig. 1), the gateway itself was rebuilt; but the spur walls which protected it were cut down to make way for a road which had been built over the ditch and lower defences. Obviously, the latter were no longer considered necessary, for a new series of

previous season's work had shown, the structural remains were exceptionally well preserved, and obviously belonged to a part of the town containing buildings of importance: administrative offices and one which was probably the Commandant's headquarters, the latter being a double-storey house built against the interior walls of the fortress with direct access to a long stairway leading to the ramparts and battlements. The whole of this structure has not yet been cleared, but two of the main pillared halls (Fig. 6) have been excavated and show that they remained substantially unaltered in design when the building was reoccupied in the New Kingdom. The ceilings were supported by wooden octagonal pillars, painted red, which rested on circular stone plinths of typical Middle Kingdom design. Sufficient remained to show that the doorways had inscribed wooden jambs and lintels, and even the painted decoration was preserved in many parts. The flooring was of brick, laid in tile fashion and faced with white gypsum plaster, which had been cleaned and patched during the rebuilding of the town in the New Kingdom. But in some of the smaller rooms (Fig. 7) and passages adjoining the great halls, the deposits of ash and charred wood on the original Middle Kingdom floors had not been removed during the reconstruction of the town when it was reoccupied; the debris was levelled and new flooring of brickwork and gypsum plaster was laid at levels varying from 0.45 m. to 1 m. above the original level.

[Continued opposite.]



# THE EARLIEST EGYPTIAN HORSE; AND MILITARY DOCUMENTS FROM BUHEN.



FIG. 3. THE CASTLE OF BUHEN AS REVEALED BY THE SPADE—FROM ALMOST EXACTLY THE SAME VIEW-POINT AS THE RECONSTRUCTION DRAWING OF PAGES 232-233.



FIG. 4. LOOKING ALONG THE RAMPARTS OF BUHEN FROM THE N.-W. THE NEW KINGDOM ADDITIONS HAVE BEEN CLEARED TO SHOW THE EARLIER BUTTRESS.



FIG. 5. THE REVERSE VIEW OF FIG. 3. ON THE LEFT CAN BE SEEN PART OF THE FILLING WITH WHICH THE NEW KINGDOM BUILDERS CONVERTED THE DITCH INTO A SUNKEN ROAD.



FIG. 6. THE MAIN HALL OF THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE COMMANDER OF BUHEN, SHOWING THE PLASTERED AND PAINTED WALLS AND THE STONE PILLAR PLINTHS.



FIG. 7. ROOMS IN THE COMMANDER'S H.Q., WITH, LEFT, A LONG STAIR LEADING TO THE RAMPARTS AND THE NORTH-WEST TOWER. SEE ALSO PLANS, FIG. 2 AND PAGES 232-233.



FIG. 8. AN ASTONISHING DISCOVERY: THE SKELETON OF A HORSE, DATING FROM ABOUT 200 YEARS BEFORE THE HORSE WAS BELIEVED TO HAVE ENTERED EGYPT.

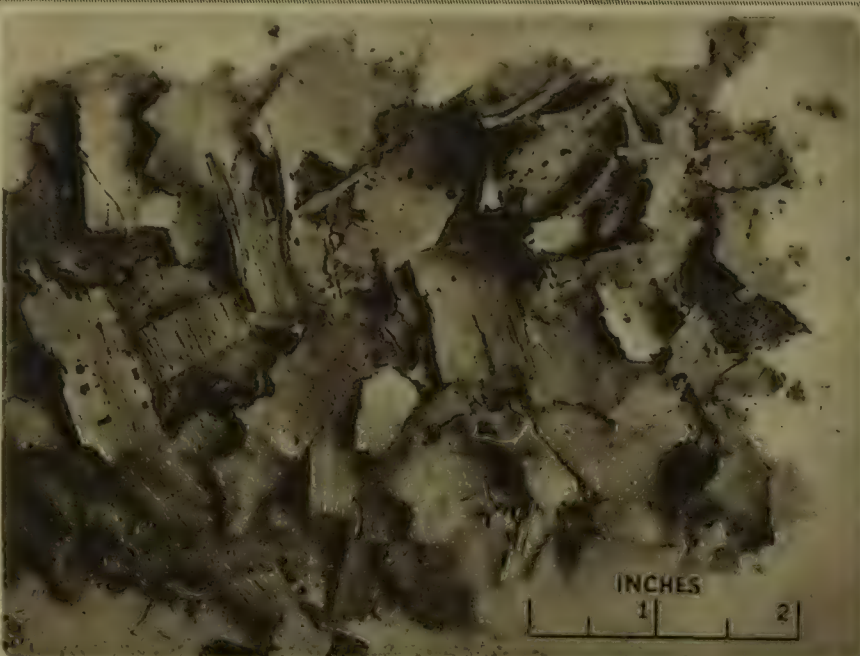


FIG. 9. THE ETERNAL ORDERLY ROOM SERGEANT. . . SECRET MILITARY DOCUMENTS OF 3800 YEARS AGO TORN UP AND STORED IN THE "CUPBOARD UNDER THE STAIRS" AT BUHEN. SEE ALSO FIG. 10.

inscribed in Middle Kingdom hieratic are now being cleaned and examined at the British Museum, and although it is as yet too early to estimate their value, preliminary research suggests that they are the remains of despatches from Egypt (Fig. 10). Although limited in quantity—for only a small area of these administrative buildings has been cleared—we have every reason to believe that more papyrus may be discovered in future excavations in this vicinity, and it is at this point that we intend to reopen our work next season. On the New Kingdom level, numerous objects were discovered, the most important of which were large inscribed jar sealings of clay from the tops of wine jars, inscribed funerary stelæ of the Middle Kingdom which had been plundered from tombs of that period situated outside the fortress walls, flint dagger blades, and the wooden frames and handles of shields. (Reconstruction drawings of the site also appear on pages 232-233 and 249.)

*Continued.]* It was in the deposit below the later flooring that some of the more interesting objects were found, the most notable of which were small inscribed clay sealings which had been originally placed on the knots of the strings binding rolls of papyrus. From the impressions on these sealings their Twelfth Dynasty date was obvious, and we were encouraged with the possibility of the discovery of documentary material of this most interesting period of Nubia's history. One small room below the stone stairway leading to the upper storey of the building looked particularly promising; the later floor-level of gypsum was broken up and the debris below it carefully sieved. Our efforts were rewarded, for in it we found quantities of papyrus (Fig. 9) deliberately torn up in small fragments—perhaps the handiwork of a security-minded military clerk of this bygone age. With the permission of the Sudan Government Antiquities Service these fragments of papyrus

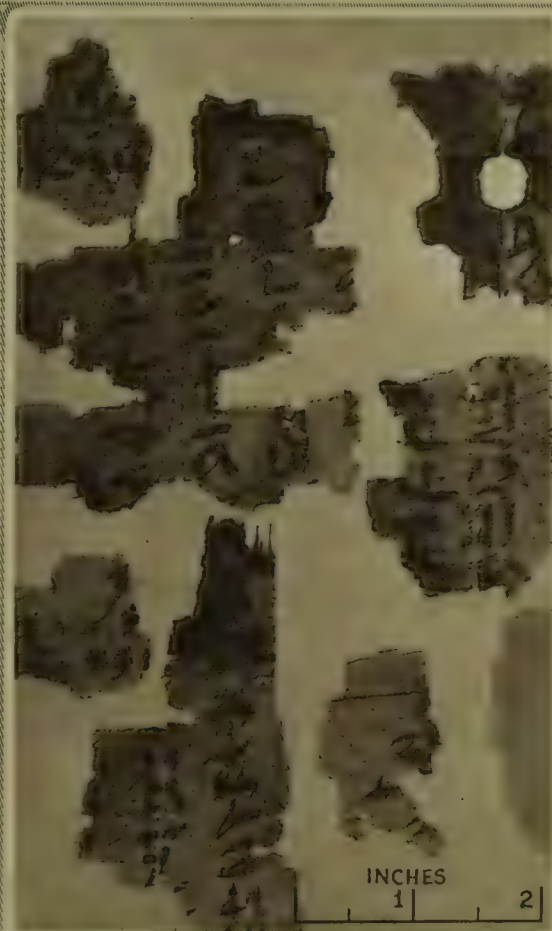


FIG. 10. SOME OF THE PAPYRUS FRAGMENTS OF FIG. 9 AFTER TREATMENT AT THE BRITISH MUSEUM, SHOWING THE WRITING IN MIDDLE KINGDOM HIERATIC SCRIPT.



IS there an "intellectual revolt behind the iron curtain"? Experts tell me that there is, and that even the Soviet Union is finding it difficult to control. We have, of course, the case of Boris Pasternak to lend colour to this theory, and the continual ferment of accusation, counter-accusation, denunciation and self-condemnation in which the members of the Soviet Writers' Union seem to live. But I have seen nothing to prove that the various other Unions of the U.S.S.R. do not also follow this bewildering pattern. Nor, I must confess, have such works as have come my way convinced me of the reality of an "intellectual revolt," in the true sense. The writers, I agree, are all unhappy, and some of them have the courage to blame the conditions and the atmosphere created by forty years of Communism for their unhappiness. But intellectual revolutionaries, surely, must show themselves capable of thinking in categories which have so far been alien to them, and all that these people seem to be able to do is to shake the kaleidoscope of Marxist dialectic in the hope that some new combination of colours may emerge. That is, they are revolutionaries whose minds have been thoroughly conditioned by those against whom they aim to rebel.

I may be doing them an injustice. I hope so. But after reading BITTER HARVEST, a collection of their works edited by Edmund Stillman, I greatly fear not. These authors include Chinese as well as Russians, Poles, Hungarians, Yugoslavs and Czechoslovaks. They seem to me to have one quality in common: a discontent which they cannot adequately explain to themselves, and for which they are therefore quite unable to find a solution. Some of these pieces are written as objective narrative; some as partly allegorical stories; others as direct discussion, and there are a few sad little poems. What is their literary value? It is difficult to tell from the translations, but I would rate it low. M. François Bondy, who writes the introduction, admits that "the importance of their statements is not always equalled either by their æsthetic value or by their philosophical validity." He adds, however, that "we, who live in freedom and comfort, have a great responsibility towards these writers, who live in highly uncomfortable circumstances." And with that sentiment I heartily agree.

This is the kind of context within which one should consider such a book as THIRTEEN DAYS THAT SHOOK THE KREMLIN, by Tibor Meray, a detailed account of the Hungarian Revolution of 1956. The central figure is Imre Nagy, the Premier who led the pathetically short-lived Government of the successful revolutionaries. The author knew Nagy well, and it is interesting to have his confirmation of the man's character as an idealist and a patriot: "He had tried to do the impossible. . . . He had wanted to be a man among monsters, a Hungarian in a hostile world. It was impossible. He had wanted to be a good Communist and a good patriot at the same time. That, too, was impossible. A good Hungarian and a sincere friend of the Soviets. . . . Now they had drawn him into a last ambush." This concentration on Nagy slightly unbalances the book. Has Mr. Meray made too little of the Rajk affair as a factor in precipitating the revolution? Has he over-stressed the part played by the "intellectuals"? And does he believe that Kadar was himself responsible for the treachery which brought the Russian tanks back to Budapest? No doubt they would have come anyway—but one would like to know.

Hoping for a contrast to these sombre tragedies, I picked up YOUTH AT THE GATE, Ursula Bloom's autobiographical reminiscences of the First World War. On closing it, I was not at all sure that it had lightened my mood in the smallest degree. True, it contains some delightfully humorous touches, especially in the earlier part, when Miss Bloom was playing the piano in a 1914 cinema, and had engaged herself to a somewhat unsuitable member of the staff called Montie. But later, when her mother gets cancer, and she herself has married a wealthy dipsomaniac whose mother despises her, the clouds gather and the sky darkens. On the day of the armistice, she picked up a newspaper which carried a leading article with the headline "A Glorious End." Underneath was printed the couplet:

What have we gained? The whole world's praise,  
Friendship and trust, as it stands at gaze.  
Miss Bloom's solitary comment is: "It was over, or wasn't it?" Alas! that was all there was—or still is—to say.

Novels are in the ascendant this week—at least, numerically. Further than that I cannot go. It grieves me to have to say it, but Mrs. Thirkell's books—an authoress I much admire—sometimes remind me of a dead rose nowadays with a browning petal or two still clinging to the

## A LITERARY LOUNGER.

By E. D. O'BRIEN.

hip. To read them is rather like playing Happy Families: "No, I have *not* got Lady Gwendolen, the Duchess's daughter—but have *you* got Countess Pomfret? Thank you. And Viscount Melings, the Earl and Countess's son? Thank you." The latest of the never-ending series—how good they used to be!—is called LOVE AT ALL AGES. That is all you need know about it.

### CHESS NOTES.

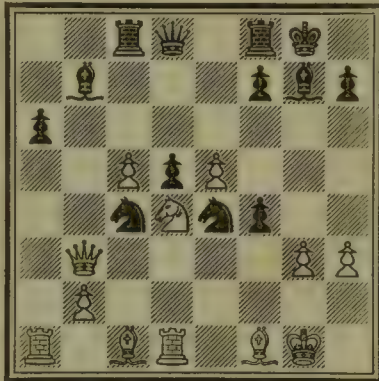
By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

HAVING brilliantly beaten Jonathan Penrose in round three of the British Championship at York, Barden drew for his next opponent another who was almost a newcomer. A. M. Hallmark, of Harrogate, had managed to qualify just once before. So (naturally, in his form of this tournament!) Barden got into a horrid mess:

#### KING'S INDIAN DEFENCE.

| HALLMARK   | BARDEN | HALLMARK  | BARDEN  |
|--|--------|-----------|---------|
| White  | Black  | White     | Black   |
| 1. P-Q4  | N-KB3  | 5. N-B3   | Castles |
| 2. P-QB4   | P-KN3  | 6. P-KN3  | P-K4    |
| 3. N-QB3   | B-N2   | 7. B-N2   |         |
| 4. P-K4  | P-Q3   |           |         |
| 7. P×P P×P 8. N×P gets nowhere, because of 8. . . . N×P. |        |           |         |
| 7. . . .   | QN-Q2  | 11. R-Q1  | P-QN4   |
| 8. Castles   | P-B3   | 12. P×NP  | BP×P    |
| 9. P-KR3   | Q-R4   | 13. P×P   | N×P(K4) |
| 10. Q-B2   | P-QR3  | 14. N-Q4  |         |
| 14. R×P N-K1 followed by 15. . . . N×Nch                 |        |           |         |
| 16. B×N B×P would give up a poor pawn for a good one.    |        |           |         |
| 14. . . .  | B-N2   | 19. P-K5  | N-K5    |
| 15. P-B4   | P-N5   | 20. P-R3  | P-N4    |
| 16. N-R4   | QR-B1  | 21. RP×P  | Q-Q1    |
| 17. Q-N3   | N-B5   | 22. N-QB5 | N×N     |
| 18. B-B1   | P-Q4   | 23. P×N   | P×P     |

Black



White

Faced with the loss of a second pawn (at least) if he retires the attacked bishop, Barden sacrifices desperately. He now had about three minutes, Hallmark about ten, for the next seventeen moves.

24. Q×B P×P 26. Q×QP Q×Q  
25. N-B3 N×KP 27. R×Q

Hallmark has blundered away a piece but still has enough advantage to win!

27. . . . N×Nch 34. B-N5 N-N3  
28. K-N2 N-K4 35. R-R4 B-K4  
29. R×P KR-Q1 36. R-QB4 B-B2  
30. R×Rch R×R 37. B-K3 R-QN1  
31. P-QN4 P-R4 38. R-QN4 N-K4  
32. P-N5 P-R5 39. R×RP K-N2  
33. P-B6 R-QB1 40. R-QR4 K-B3

Of course, all the moves since our last note were made in, probably, less time than you have taken to make them simply reading from the score! It is therefore rather pusillanimous to point out that, in trying to save his hazardously advanced king's knight's pawn by playing 32. . . . P-R5, Barden only flung good money after bad.

41. R-R7 B-N3 43. P-B7 Resigns  
42. B×B R×B

What a game!

Next week's instalment in this palpitating melodrama reveals how Barden dug his own grave with equal efficiency against the writer, who then in turn exhibited quite superhuman ingenuity in disinterring him.

If Mr. H. E. Bates's Larkins do not make you sick, you will probably enjoy A BREATH OF FRENCH AIR, in which the whole boiling—Ma, Pop, Mariette, Charley, etc., and the Rolls-Royce—have a merry holiday in France. I notice a tendency among some of my colleagues to hold the Larkins up as some kind of symbolic mystery: John Bull in the Welfare State, or some such. Nonsense! They combine the consumption of Yorkshire pudding with the public suckling of infants, and if you can make an Eleusinian mystery out of these unpleasing practices, you are welcome.

Now for two novels with messages about colonialism, or its opposite. ASHANTI BOY, by Akosua Abbs, is a mess of starry-eyed treacle. It

tells the story of how a bright boy from Ashanti won his schooling in the sad days before wonderful Dr. Nkrumah won independence for Ghana and Utopia began. The book does its best to be honest about Africans and their customs, and contains little ingenuous touches which I found winning. But I have been to Ashanti—and to Accra—and I can spot the thick coating of gilt which Mr. Abbs has laid on his gingerbread.

ONE MAN'S ISLAND, by Elizabeth Ashe, is about a little island somewhere in the Indian Ocean, which is rapidly turned from a simple paradise into a murderous jungle—and all through Politics. It is a theme which appeals to me, but I cannot think that Miss Ashe has handled it very deftly. She gives us a Heartbroken, Beachcombing Englishman, and the Girl who was going to Transform His Life. The only character who really makes sense is the kindly princeling's revolting little son.

Then I found three new thrillers, all well up in the second class. The best, I thought, was Frances and Richard Lockridge's THE TANGLED CORD. In spite of the fact that these murders take place in New York neither the people nor their actions are more than ordinarily exhausting. In fact, I noticed a gentle guying of the typical American thug which greatly amused me; (Aunt Hilda had to speak severely to one of them, and call him a cry-baby!). The two victims were no loss at all, and for once, in a novel with a transatlantic setting, the reader is really quite anxious to preserve one or two of the innocent.

You have to be very skilful indeed if you want to start a novel with some such phrase as "Damn! said the duchess, and slapped her maid," and then keep up that standard for 256 pages. Mr. H. R. F. Keating, author of DEATH AND THE VISITING FIREMEN, has not really succeeded. The idea of having a convention of members of the American Institution for the Investigation of Incendiarism, Inc., met on their arrival at Southampton by a stage-coach and forced to don Regency costume—for publicity purposes—is unquestionably good. It is only after the death of the publicity agent who played the highwayman that the book, I thought, began to go to pieces. The suspects are made to dance too complicated a measure, and I began to wish that Mr. Keating would fix on one or other of them and get it over. (But the coachman's little boy is consistently well drawn.)

Tommy-guns, car crashes, hoards of bank-notes, drownings at sea, and lots of blood fill the crowded pages of Mr. John Christopher's SCENT OF WHITE POPPIES. Personally—though I may be accused of being a cold-hearted, unromantic brute—I think I should have made some inquiry whether the pretty girl whom I met by accident was an associate of dope-peddlers, before I married her. But then, I prefer a life unpunctuated by tommy-guns, car crashes, etc.—except in the pages of a book like this!

Lastly, I have two books of more specialised interest. The main point about LOCAL HISTORY IN ENGLAND, by W. G. Hoskins, is that it is written for the potential local historian, and tells him how to seek out and deal with sources of all kinds, and even how to collate and publish his results. This seems to me to be an excellent idea and I hope that the author makes many converts.

GLASS THROUGH THE AGES, by E. Barrington Haynes, is as interesting and informative as all the "Pelican" series. It includes a general history of glass, with special reference to glass-making in England; a list of technical terms, illustrated by line-drawings; and nearly 100 pages of photographs. ("Toddy-lofter," I note, is not just a term of abuse to be applied to the intemperate!)

#### BOOKS REVIEWED.

- BITTER HARVEST, edited by Edmund Stillman. (Thames and Hudson; 25s.)  
THIRTEEN DAYS THAT SHOOK THE KREMLIN, by Tibor Meray. (Thames and Hudson; 21s.)  
YOUTH AT THE GATE, by Ursula Bloom. (Hutchinson; 16s.)  
LOVE AT ALL AGES, by Angela Thirkell. (Hamish Hamilton; 15s.)  
A BREATH OF FRENCH AIR, by H. E. Bates. (Michael Joseph; 12s. 6d.)  
ASHANTI BOY, by Akosua Abbs. (Collins; 10s. 6d.)  
ONE MAN'S ISLAND, by Elizabeth Ashe. (Longmans; 15s.)  
THE TANGLED CORD, by Frances and Richard Lockridge. (Hutchinson; 12s. 6d.)  
DEATH AND THE VISITING FIREMEN, by H. R. F. Keating. (Gollancz; 15s.)  
SCENT OF WHITE POPPIES, by John Christopher. (Eyre and Spottiswoode; 13s. 6d.)  
LOCAL HISTORY IN ENGLAND, by W. G. Hoskins. (Longmans; 21s.)  
GLASS THROUGH THE AGES, by E. Barrington Haynes. (Penguin Books; 8s. 6d.)





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## THE WORLD OF MOTORING.

### CAR OF THE MONTH—THE MORRIS *MINI-MINOR DE LUXE*.

By LIEUT.-COLONEL A. G. DOUGLAS CLEAVE, B.Sc., A.M.I.Mech.E.

**S**ELDOM can any car have received such a reception on making its appearance as has the Morris *Mini-Minor*. Apart from its twin, the Austin *Seven*, it is unlike any other car, for it has so many unusual and distinctive features. These have been very widely described in detail in the daily and motoring Press, and for reasons of space I must assume that readers have some knowledge of them.

The *Mini-Minor* is a small car, smaller than usual, with a wheelbase of 6 ft. 8 ins., a front track of 3 ft. 11½ ins., rear track of 3 ft. 9½ ins., and overall dimensions of length 10 ft., width 4 ft. 7 ins. and height 4 ft. 5 ins. To appreciate these figures at their true value it should be realised that the overall length is 2 ft. 4 ins. less than that of the Morris *Minor*, the width 4½ ins. less, and both the height and the wheelbase 6 ins. less.

The point of giving these comparative dimensions is that the interior accommodation is practically the same as that of the *Minor*. Thus although the interior width at elbow level is 1½ ins. less across the front seat it is the same over the rear seat, and the headroom is more by ½ in. at the front although the same as the *Minor* at the back.

It is more correct, therefore, to describe the *Mini-Minor* as a very small car externally, but as quite a roomy small car internally. It is, in fact, a full four-seater, with a boot that cannot be called large but is nevertheless quite useful, and with a surprising amount of space within the body for the stowage of odds and ends.

This result has been achieved by clever designing. The engine and transmission form a single unit placed transversely across the front and driving the front wheels. The wheels are of only 10-in. diameter and are placed "one at each corner," so that the small wheel arches do not detract from the passenger space.

As regards its appearance the *Mini-Minor* is unusual, but even if its lines cannot be termed graceful, and opinions differ, its proportions are quite pleasing and it certainly has a practical businesslike air. The single door each side is 33 ins. wide, hinged at the front, and, although in view of the low overall height one has to stoop to enter, access to the front seats is very easy. The seats hinge forward and remain tilted to allow the rear passengers to take their places.

On entering the car for the first time one is surprised at its roominess. Both at front and rear there is ample clearance for heads, elbows, knees and feet, even when the adjustable front seats are moved fairly well back. The large side windows and flattish roof contribute to the feeling of spaciousness.

From the driver's point of view the thin-section screen pillars, wide curved screen and large rear window give an unobstructed field of vision. The front seats are comfortable and the shaped backrests locate the occupants well. The rear seat also proved very comfortable, remaining so even when very rough surfaces were deliberately taken at high speeds.

This is, of course, a tribute to the all-round independent rubber suspension as well as to the seating. The springing is firm, but iron out road irregularities in astonishing manner, and due to its firmness there is no roll with one or two up, and only a little with four up, when corners are taken fast. There is also no pitching whatever the load, the car giving a level ride in spite of its short wheelbase, this being due to the design of the rubber cone springs which become progressively stiffer as the load on them increases.

Rack-and-pinion steering is light and precise, is quite unaffected by the transmission when on full lock, and self-centres nicely. Many drivers might not notice from the steering that the car has front-wheel drive, although when driven round corners, as it should be, the slight degree of understeer is increased. Conversely, cornering on overrun decreases the understeer. The variation is by no means excessive though.

The suspension and steering, and the low centre of gravity of the car, combine to give it really exceptional stability and road holding. One feels that it would be virtually impossible to turn the car over or to cause it to spin by cornering foolishly fast, and the driver can constantly surprise himself and his passengers by the speed at which corners can be taken.

Indeed, the *Mini-Minor* impressed me as being an extraordinarily safe little vehicle, which is a valuable attribute considering the wide market it will undoubtedly command in view of its low price and the possible inexperience of many of its future owners.

For it has quite a lively performance, thanks to a good power-to-weight ratio. Unladen but with two gallons of fuel it weighs 11½ cwt. and the 850-c.c. 4-cylinder engine develops 34 b.h.p. at 5500 r.p.m. With driver and passenger up it accelerated from rest to 30 m.p.h. in 6.3 secs. and to 60 m.p.h. in 26.8 secs.

Maximum speed proved to be 73 m.p.h., when the engine was still running smoothly, although naturally not so quietly as at its cruising speed of about 60 m.p.h. At 55 m.p.h. it is particularly quiet. On third gear a speed of 60 m.p.h. is attainable, and is most useful for fast overtaking, but the average driver will be content to change into top at about 55 m.p.h.

On second and first, useful maxima are about 40 and 24 m.p.h. respectively. The gear-lever is rather long and its movement somewhat unusual, although one becomes accustomed to it. The gear-box and final drive are combined with the engine, their casing also forming the sump, but this does not render gear hum obtrusive in ordinary driving, although one becomes aware of it at high speeds on the gears. Wind noise is very little, which makes any mechanical noise more easily heard.

Brakes are well up to the performance and do not require heavy pressures on the pedal, except for an emergency stop. They are Lockheed hydraulic in 7-in.-diameter drums, with leading and trailing shoes back and front, and a special feature is a pressure limiting valve in the pipeline to the rear brakes.

This valve closes before the pressure in the rear brakes rises sufficiently to cause the wheels to lock in normal conditions of road adhesion, but it allows the front brakes to receive higher pressure. The handbrake-lever lies conveniently between the front seats and is quite effective.

It used to be urged against front-wheel drive that restarting on a gradient could be difficult because of wheel slip, but on dry roads the *Mini-Minor* is faultless in this respect. As 60 per cent. of the weight is on the front wheels when the car is on level ground, wet roads should make little difference.

Economy is one of the car's strong points. Seldom should fuel consumption fall below 40 m.p.g. even in hard driving, and it is nearer 50 m.p.g. when cruising at 50 m.p.h., and even higher at lower speeds.

Interior appointments are simple but adequate. A curved parcels-shelf below the screen has a speedometer centrally

mounted above it, incorporating mileage recorder, fuel gauge, and warning lights for oil pressure, ignition and headlamp beam. On the edge of the shelf are ignition switch and tumbler switches for lights and screenwiper, also controls for the choke and the optional extra heater. The flashing indicator lever switch is below the steering-wheel, and the horn button in its centre. The dip switch is foot-operated. The starter button protrudes from the floor, for operation by the driver's left hand.

Front door windows are divided vertically, each half sliding and having a positioning device. On the *de luxe* model tested the quarter windows open for ventilation. Trial and error soon allow the best arrangement for fresh air with minimum draught to be found. The door pockets, and pockets at the ends of the rear seat, are supplemented by stowage space beneath it, there is a shelf in front of the rear window, and the lid of the boot can also be used to accommodate extra luggage if it is not too heavily loaded.

Altogether I found the *Mini-Minor* a fascinating little car, and a delight to drive. It can be parked in a space of 11 ft. 6 ins., is nippy in traffic, and capable of holding its own on the open road. The price of the *de luxe* model is £537 6s. 8d. and of the standard model £496 19s. 2d.

#### MOTORING NOTES.

Last month the British Motor Corporation introduced two revolutionary new models, the Austin *Seven* and the Morris *Mini-Minor*. These are not "bubble cars," but cleverly engineered full four-seater saloons of minimum overall dimensions, and have a 4-cylinder 850-c.c. overhead-valve engine, with four-speed gear-box and final drive combined with it, driving the independently sprung front wheels. The rear suspension is also independent, and rubber cones are the springing medium. The new cars are identical except for the radiator grilles. I have chosen the Morris *Mini-Minor* as the car of the month this week.

The Paris Motor Show, the last that will be held in the Grand Palais des Champs Elysées, opens on October 1 until the 11th. It will be followed by the Earls Court Show from October 21 to 31.



THE MORRIS *MINI-MINOR* INTRODUCED LAST MONTH. "SELDOM CAN ANY CAR HAVE RECEIVED SUCH A RECEPTION ON MAKING ITS APPEARANCE." COLONEL CLEAVE SAYS OF HIS TESTS IN IT THAT HE FOUND THE *MINI-MINOR* "A FASCINATING LITTLE CAR AND A DELIGHT TO DRIVE."





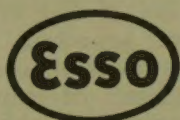
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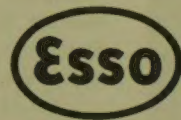
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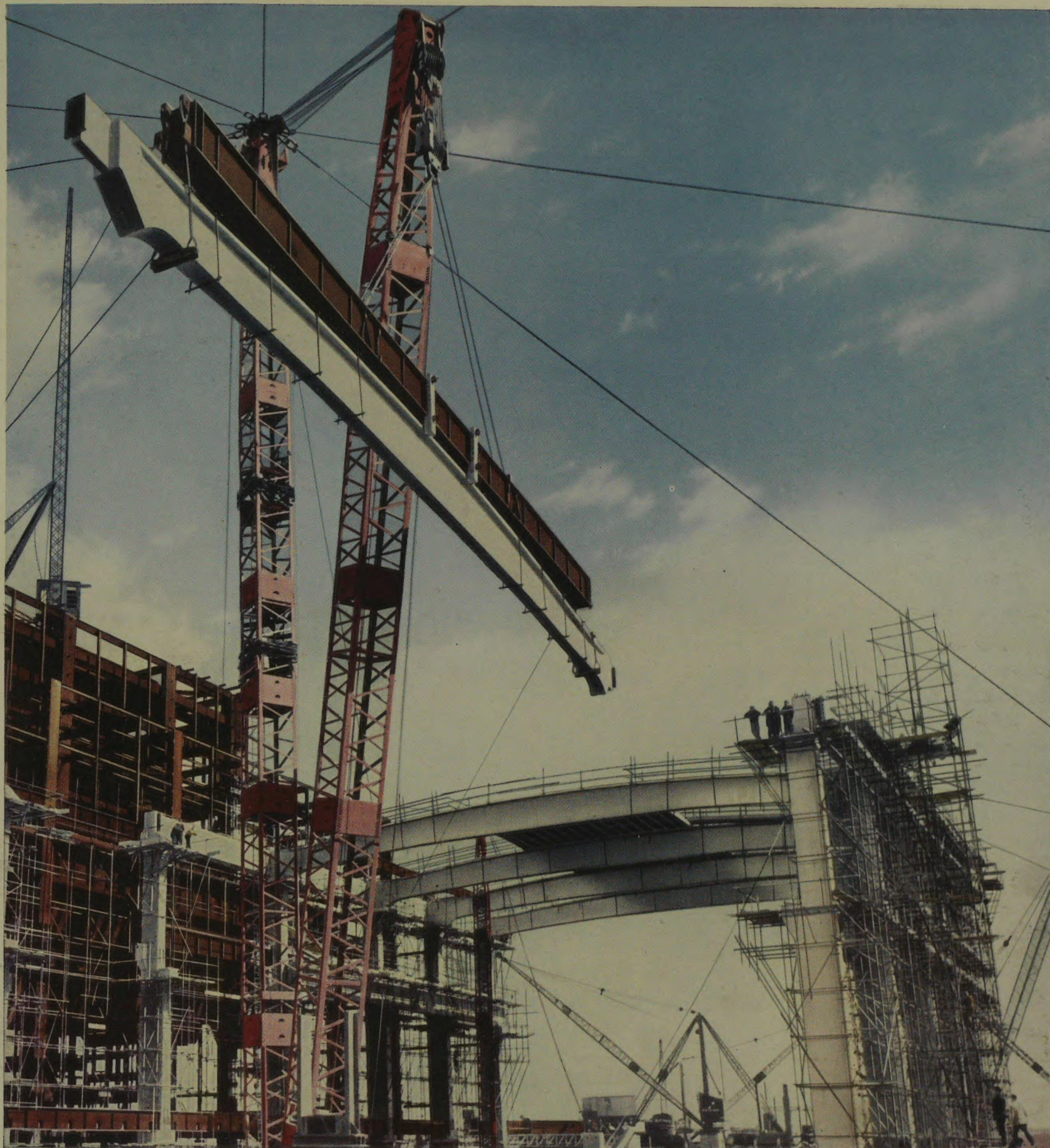
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